

ALCINDOR'S STORY Part 2

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 3, 1989 50 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL'S TOUGHEST DEFENSE

An Avalanche of Vikings Buries Detroit





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Old Spice Cologne, After Shave and Gift Sets—also available in Lime.

Contents

NOVEMBER 3, 1999 Volume 31, No. 19

Cover photograph by Neil Layton

18 Merciless Minnesota

The Vikings, with Joe Kump on the beam and the four Norsemen lowering the boom, lead the Central Division

22 On a Hot Seat in Boston

Red Auerbach and Tom Hennessey share the heat and a big problem—Bill Russell is really gone

26 No Defeats, Loads of Trouble

When Coach Lloyd Eaton of independent Wyoming suspended his 14 black players, he started a Western furor

28 Hockey's Muted Moments

Artist Richard Estes paints a subtle scene, leaving the action to the viewer's mind

34 Lew Alcindor's Story: Part 2

At UCLA the basketball was fair, says Lew, but prejudice on the campus nearly drove him away

62 All the Big Money Was on the Red

The winner was out of the overalls and on the line as an Irish import war cowling's Challenge Cup

70 Uncrowned King of Caviar

There are starprawns in the Hudson River, and Ace Lent contemplates the fish-egg barons

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 62 Dogs |
| 46 College Football | 64 Horse Racing |
| 52 People | 68 Bridge |
| 57 Fishing | 81 For the Record |
| 60 Hockey | 82 19th Hole |



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Credits on page 81

Next week

THE HEISMAN TROPHY should go to the best college football player, but the hully-hoo attending it makes it more of a Hollywood Oscar. Dan Jenkins inspects the hopefuls.

FUCK A SWITCH and instant surf comes rolling along a rain-made oasis in—of all places—Arizona. Coles Phipps has seen it and surfed it and claims that it is for real.

A FATHER who well remembers his own days of cave exploring is challenged by his son into trying such a trip again. He finds both old truths and new ones underground.

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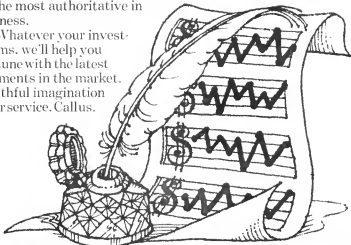
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SURFEIT OF RICHES

A devoted follower of sport, still feeling the afterglow of the pennant races, the playoffs and the World Series, up to his giddy eyes in college football on Saturdays and pro football on Sundays, overwhelmed by the beginning of the hockey and pro basketball seasons, and all too aware that college basketball is right there in the wings, waiting to go on, has suggested in the interest of a sane and rational approach to things that there be a one-month moratorium in sport. Just one month—during which there would be no baseball, no football, no basketball, no hockey, no sport pages, nothing.

Members of the staff of this magazine like the idea. They say a month's vacation would give them a chance to get caught up on their golf, touch football, softball, jogging, bowling, billiards, driveway basketball, hunting, sailing, canoeing, swimming, surfing, fishing or just sitting around looking at nothing in particular for a while.

Then bring on your Rosebowl Superbowl holiday tournament Los Angeles open-millrose games NIT Divisional playoff Stanley Cup NCAA Spring training masters tournament. We'll be ready.

We'll be ready anyway.

DEFECTOR

A few days after Billy Martin was fired as manager of the Minnesota Twins, the Theo. Hamm Brewing Company announced that it would no longer sponsor radio and TV broadcasts of Twin games. There was an immediate and widespread assumption that the startling announcement (Hamm's had sponsored Twin games since 1961, the year the ball club began in Minnesota) was a reaction to the Martin firing.irate fans had been urging the brewery to drop the Twins, and after the word came out the company switchboard lit up with congratulatory calls.

But Hamm's insisted that its decision was a long-range one and had no re-

lation whatever to Martin's ouster. The brewery said that it also sponsored the Minnesota North Stars (hockey), the Detroit Lions (football) and Oakland Athletics (baseball), and that it was trying to achieve a greater flexibility in its advertising budget—it wanted to use a wider range of advertising media, like radio and TV spot commercials, billboards, magazines. In short, it no longer wanted to tie up more than half a million dollars a year in one market with one audience.

That seemed reasonable enough, but there appeared to be another reason for the cancellation—and this one was not stressed, even though it could be of great importance to baseball. Hamm's implied that surveys showed the sport was not reaching enough of the young beer-drinking adults whom brewers consider a prime market. Yet the recent upsurge of interest in baseball—look at the Red Sox and the Mets, for example—is to a certain extent a youth movement. The surveys may be wrong, but the onus of proof is on baseball.

ROUTINE

Somewhat unnoticed in the pro football news last week was Quarterback Terry Hanratty's debut with the Pittsburgh Steelers. Hanratty will certainly have better days, but he will never have a more memorable one.

He came into the game in the last period. His first pass was incomplete. His second pass was intercepted. His third was intercepted—and run back for a touchdown. His fourth was incomplete. The next time he tried to pass he was thrown for a 10-yard loss. On the next play he was trapped again but scrambled loose and ran for a 31-yard gain. Then he was dumped again, this time for a six-yard loss.

He finally got his fifth pass into the air and completed it for a 32-yard gain and a first down. His sixth pass was intercepted. His seventh was complete for 15 yards and a touchdown. His eighth

was another completion, good for 41 yards and a first down. Then, with 27 seconds left, he threw his last three passes, the first for 18 yards and a first down, the second for 11 and another first down and the third, on the last play of the game, for 15 yards and a touchdown. In 14 plays he threw 11 passes, completed six for 132 yards, including four first downs and two touchdowns, was intercepted three times, once for a touchdown, was dumped for losses twice and scrambled once for 31 yards.

Welcome to the NFL, Terry.

SON OF KINSEY REPORT

It has long been said that being an outstanding athlete, like being a famous actor or entertainer, is like living in a goldfish bowl. There is little privacy. Now there threatens to be none. John Justin Smith, associate sports editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, recently wrote a memo that said, in part: "It is a fond hope that we can put together a series of articles on Sex and the Pro Athlete. The sex life of guys in sport is an interesting and valid story—if it has bearing on their performances. And it must. We will not, of course, hurt any man's (or woman's) reputation where he or she has not publicly hurt that reputation."



We will not tell stories for the purpose of being lascivious.

"But we sure are entitled to tell about sexual activities, as far as these activities affect their lives as athletes. For example, does travel put a strain on family ties? Wives are left home alone. The guys go from city to city, deprived of the comfort of board and bed. What does this do to them? To their families?"

continued

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"Every sport has its female hangers-on, the girls who cluster in ball parks or in and around stadium and hotels. Do the guys avoid these girls? Or use them?"

"Are athletes lousy lovers or great ones? It would seem that physical fitness would result in physical sexuality. Does it? Or is all of this just because most athletes are young and lack the experience to be great lovers?"

"Do athletes refrain from sexual activity before engaging in a game? Do team members tend to put the brakes on sexy fellow team members? Or do they work it the other way, encouraging sexual activity?"

"These are, I know, all general questions. But I think some specific examples of what has happened could make valid articles."

And if the *Daily News* doesn't buy the idea, there's always Hugh Hefner.

THE LONGEST DRIVE

On the theory that auto rallies are fine as far as they go, London's *Daily Mirror* is putting one together that will go all the way, 16,000 miles. The field starts its engines April 19 at Wembley, takes a sharp left to Argentina and ends up May 27 in Mexico City, which ties the promotion up neatly with the World Cup soccer games. Winner of the rally gets \$24,000 and the right to present the World Cup, now in possession of the English, to the host Mexicans. The losers will not have that privilege, but, says the *Mirror*, they will find the drive through Latin America an incomparable prize in itself, though it warns that part of the route attains extremely high altitudes (up to 16,000 feet) and competitors must seek medical advice as to whether they can stand it.

THE FEET OF ABRA-MOWICZ

Everybody who follows football knows how rough it is on knees, heads, necks, shoulders, ribs or whatever else gets in the way of a blind-side block, but few stop to think about toes.

"I haven't had toenails on my big toes in two years," says Danny Abramowicz, wide receiver for the New Orleans Saints. "They turn black in pre-season practice and then I lose them, and then I have nothing until the season's over. They grow back just about the time we're ready to go to training camp the next year."

"I blame it on the shoe manufacturer-

—continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

ers," Abramowicz says. "There are special shoes for backs and linemen and kickers, but nothing for the pass receiver. Yet nobody cuts as often or as hard as a receiver. He can't get along with the average football shoe. I went through 17 pairs last season, and that's almost a pair a game. Dave Parks [New Orleans tight end] did the same thing.

"I pay about \$25 a pair for shoes, but it's not the price that bothers me. I'd pay double or triple that if only the shoe would work. I wore a special lightweight pair of shoes in one game last season, and by the third quarter the things were worn out. I had to send to the locker room for a new pair. Parks put on a new pair of those lightweight things in the last quarter of the exhibition game we played this year against Denver. I bet him they wouldn't last through the next game. They didn't. He had to get rid of them at halftime.

"I just wish the shoe manufacturers would do something about it."

A SPLIT HAIR

Before the fourth game of the World Series, an anti-Met fan bet a friend of his that Tom Seaver would not finish the game. Seaver, you will recall, pitched 10 full innings but was lifted in the bottom of the 10th for a pinch hitter. The pinch hitter, J. C. Martin, laid down the bunt that the Orioles misplayed to let in the winning run.

O.K. The game was over. Fan No. 1 turned to his friend and said, "Pay me." Fan No. 2 said, "Pay you? What do you mean, pay *me*? Seaver went all the way. He pitched a complete game. You pay *me*." Fan No. 1 said, "I bet he wouldn't finish the game. Was he in there at the finish? Was he? No, sir. He was out of the lineup. So pay *me*."

Fan No. 1 may be a nitpicker of the worst kind, but it appears that he has a fairly strong argument. If you were the judge, who wins the bet?

UTTER STRENGTH

The Milwaukee Bucks, who finished last in the Eastern Division of the NBA in 1968-69, opened the new season with three straight victories—a reversal of form that can be attributed in considerable part to the presence this year of Lew Alcindor. But then the Bucks turned around and lost two games in a row, and prompted some basketball experts to wonder about the effect that a series of

continued



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To put the show on the road.
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And since it is maneu-



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And it is also more comfortable than the horse.



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There are still some tough-bearded individuals willing to bet that no electric shaver can match shaves with a blade. On beards like theirs. And they'll even double the bet if they're miles from the nearest electricity.

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And the Rechargeable can keep going for almost twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable. You can expect almost 3 weeks of close shaves.

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SCORECARD *continued*

defeats (the best pro teams lose a couple of dozen games a season) might have on the youngster. After all, they point out, Alcindor is almost totally unused to coming off the court a loser. In the past seven seasons, in high school and college, the teams he played on had an overall record of 184 wins and three defeats.

GOING TO POT

Conservationists have come out in favor of marijuana. After Governor Robert Docking of Kansas announced that he was going to ask the legislature to declare marijuana an "obnoxious weed" so that state funds could be used to spray it and wipe it out wherever it grows wild in the state, conservationists yelled blue murder. Marijuana, they said, "is an indigenous weed in Kansas and grows among giant ragweed, foxtail and other types of prime cover and seed for wildlife." They pointed out that game cover in Kansas is disappearing fast enough as it is. As corporate farming expands, much more land is put under cultivation. Brush patches common on old family farms are eliminated, and so are strips of brush that border fences. New techniques designed to utilize every square foot of ground allow cultivation right to fence lines, and the brush vanishes.

If efforts are made to eradicate the wild marijuana, goes the argument, then other wild plants will be eliminated, too, and 50,000 acres of cover desperately needed by birds and small game will be destroyed. The conservationists' case is a strong one, but so far they have not yet suggested to Governor Docking that he put it in his pipe and smoke it.

THEY SAID IT

- Alexei Kirsiev, Soviet boxing coach, asked what he knew about Las Vegas before arriving there for a match against a team of American amateurs: "I know it is a city in Nevada, is a city in the mountains, is very joyful, and it will be necessary to have a lot of money."

- Wally Butts, former Georgia head coach, asked what he thought of Alabama's football team this year: "I don't know much about Alabama. I don't call Coach Bryant anymore."

- Tom Cahill, Army football coach, after his team lost its third straight game: "One thing I don't like about losing is the winners. They don't know what to say to you, so they just wink when they see you."

END

These diamonds you know are diamonds.

The Kohinoor Diamond has been mentioned in Indian legends for a thousand years.

After it was taken from the Rajah of Malwah in the 14th century, dozens of its owners were killed or assassinated.

When the Nadir Shah first saw it in 1739, he cried out: "Kohinoor!" (mountain of light). The name stuck. Queen Victoria received it in 1850, had it cut down to its present 109 carats, and set in the crown of state.

Hardly what you'd call a chip.

The Hope Diamond is steely-blue and weighs 44½ carats. It's thought to be a recut of the huge "Tavernier Blue" that disappeared from Louis XVI's possession in the revolution of 1792.

Sir Thomas Hope bought it 38 years later, in 1830. Ill fate plagued its owners until American dealer Harry Winston acquired it and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

The Star of Africa is perfectly clear-white, weighs 530 carats, and is the world's largest diamond.

It's set in the scepter of the English sovereign and kept in the Tower of London.

The egg-shaped stone was cut from the 3,106-carat Cullinan Diamond found in Africa in 1905. Not exactly a chip either.

The Bulova Diamond has one thing in common with the other four.

It is a real diamond. Many of the "diamonds" used on so-called "diamond watches" are only chips.

(A stone with less than 17 facets is only a chip, no matter what you call it.)

Bulova never uses chips. Never. Every Bulova diamond has at least 17 facets. And sometimes a lot more. Bulova.

The Orloff Diamond weighs 200 carats and was once an eye in the huge statue of Brahma in the temple of Trichinopoly in Mysore, India.

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He sold it to an English sea captain who sold it to a London dealer. Prince Orloff of Russia finally bought it for the Empress Catherine who had it set in Russia's royal scepter, where it can still be found.

MERCILESS MINNESOTA

The Vikings, with Joe Kapp on the beam and the four Norsemen lowering the boom on opposing quarterbacks, are not only leading the NFL's Central Division but may be building a dynasty. Color it purple. **by TEX MAULE**

Greg Landry releases just in time to accept belated greetings from Viking End Carl Eller.

The Vikings' defensive line, plus two, prior



The Minnesota Vikings, a team which could not quite believe its own prowess until a couple of weeks ago, took a giant step toward establishing itself as a champion in the Green Bay mold by handily defeating the Detroit Lions 24-10 in Bloomington, Minn. last Sunday. The Vikings won on the cool, intelligent passing of Joe Kapp, who spent eight years throwing footballs in the Canadian League and as now in his third year chucking for Minnesota. Playing with his broken left wrist in a light cast, Kapp completed 11 of 19 passes in the face of a Lion rush that dropped him for a loss four times.

The Vikings won, too, on a fierce effort by one of the best defensive units in pro ball (see cover). It swarmed all over young Greg Landry, Detroit's second-year quarterback, dropping him for losses six times and limiting him to a measly net of 60 yards passing. Landry also threw four interceptions, due in part to the big purple rush.

It was an impressive performance by a mature and competent team, and it may well mark the start of the kind of dynasty that Vince Lombardi founded at Green Bay in 1960. There are, certainly, defects in this Viking team, as there were in the old Packers. The offensive line leaks on occasion, but Bud Grant, the quiet Minnesota coach, has help on hand in Ron Yary, a massive tackle from USC, and Ed White, a big rookie guard from California. Yary, a No. 1 draft choice in 1968, was in the service the first few weeks of this season, but he will probably start soon. White may still be a year away. If these two live up to their potential, Kapp may find more time to throw, and, given time, he can perform wonders, as he did against Baltimore earlier in the season when he threw seven touchdown passes in a 32-14 rout.

Minnesota's redoubtable ground attack was ineffective against the Lions, but that may be because Grant, who

continued

In a Lobo Avast at Bloomington: Jim Marshall, Linebacker Leslie Warren, Alan Page, Gary Larsen, Linebacker Ray Winston, Carl Eller.





felt his club did not move the ball well enough in the air in 1968, has devoted much of his practice time to improving that aspect of the game.

Gene Washington, who caught four passes for 68 yards against Detroit, feels the passing is now well established. "This is my third year and Joe's," he says. "We work together real well now. I have options on my patterns depending upon whether the coverage is zone or man-to-man, and that means Joe only has a second or two to read me. Now that we've worked together for a while, that's all the time he needs."

Jim Marshall, the 10-year veteran at end who captains the Viking defense, is of much the same opinion about his play with his violent colleagues on the Viking line. Against the Lions, Marshall, Carl Eller, Alan Page and Gary Larsen varied their attack on nearly every play, often twisting—or stunting, as it used to be called—with the tackle circling to the outside and the end looping to the middle, confusing Lion blockers and putting heat on Landry, who was replacing the injured Bill Munson.

"In time, you get confidence in the people you play with," says Marshall. "I know what Page [the right tackle] is going to do and what Lontae Warwick [the middle linebacker] will do, and I can react instinctively. Some of the stunts are planned. Maybe Page and I will decide on the stunt and tell the linebackers what we're going to do. But sometimes we'll stunt because the blocking opens up, and when we do that, we have to depend on our instinctive reactions. You don't always beat the other guy, you know. He's getting paid a good salary to beat you. You know when you go in that you're only going to win so many of the individual battles. You just have to win more than you lose."

Marshall and Co. won more individual battles than they lost against Detroit. Landry completed 14 of 28, but when you subtract from his gross the yards he lost attempting to pass, he wound up with a net of 1.8 yards per attempt. The Lions were only a trifle more effective on the ground, gaining 107 yards in 33 runs. They crossed the 50-yard

line but once in the first half and scored their lone touchdown late in the game, after the cause was well lost, with the aid of an interference penalty.

A little over a year ago, when Minnesota was preparing to play Chicago in Bloomington after impressive wins over Atlanta and Green Bay, the team was taut and unsure of itself. Its Saturday practice was quiet, tense; it was a team that had finished last in the Central Division the year before, and you felt, watching the players, that they weren't convinced they were good enough to be leading the division.

"Clubs like the Bears and the Rams used to intimidate us," says General Manager Jim Finks. "Not physically. Psychologically. They seemed to be mentally tougher than we were. But we got over that hump when we beat the Bears 31-0 in Chicago on Oct. 12. We took it to them and they folded, not us."

Last week the Vikings were relaxed, casual and assured. On Saturday the players bought a birthday cake for Equipment Manager Stubby Eason, which featured a lumpy chocolate football planted in the middle of a bilious green football field, and sang a Rabelaisian version of *Happy Birthday* before eating most of the cake themselves. Gary Cuozzo, the No. 2 quarterback, brought his 2-year-old son Chip to the workout, then had to call his wife to come get him when, despite the blandishments of half the team, he howled steadily for 30 minutes.

When the Vikes came out on the field, Kapp took charge, and the players responded, running plays all the way to the goal line. They worked out an hour and a half earlier than most clubs do on Saturday, finishing at about 10 a.m. "Coach wants to go partridge hunting," one veteran explained.

In his three-year tenure as head coach, Grant has established a remarkable rapport with his players. He's a tall, handsome man with bright blue eyes and a soft tone that commands attention because you can hardly hear it.

"He never raises his voice," says Center Mack Tingelhoff. "He's as complete a change as you can get from Van Broeklin [his predecessor at Minnesota]. All he has to do is look at you when you make a mistake and it cuts deeper than a 10-minute lecture from Van Broeklin."

"When Van Broeklin left, there was no doubt in my mind who I wanted," Finks says. "Grant has always been a winner. He used to coach in Canada, and he learned a very valuable lesson there. You get kids right out of Canadian high schools, graduates from American colleges and old pros from the NFL who have gone over the hill or left the NFL for some other reason. Grant handled all of them, and well."

Grant, who played both offensive and defensive end for the Eagles, was a forward with the Minneapolis Lakers and won four Grey Cups in 10 years at Winnipeg, brought Kapp down from Canada. Kapp had difficulty adjusting to NFL defenses, but he has always had an overriding belief in his ability to win, and he imparts it to the team. "Joe makes you know it will work," says Running Back Clinton Jones. "You feel it in the huddle. He's a mover."

The Joe Kapp of the defense is Marshall, who once ran the wrong way for a safety for the other team and now heads up the rush. The Minnesota front four may not be as famous as that of Los Angeles or Dallas, but they could be better. They are called the Four Noesemen, although three—Carl Eller, Alan Page and Marshall—are black.

Marshall is 6' 4" 260, wears faring sideburns and a modest mustache, and has an unbridled desire to win at almost any cost. He is also an introspective, articulate man. "We have been progressing in our mental attitude," he said the night before the Lions game. "We didn't know how to accept victory before. Each victory is a step on the stairway to success, but we worried about little mistakes instead of forgetting them. Now we're confident enough to forget the mistakes. Bud Grant pushes you toward goals which make you realize your full potential as an individual."

"Don't be fooled by our flamboyant attitude at practice today," he went on. "We're still nervous about this game. It's a big one. The flamboyance is the product of apprehension. But beneath the apprehension is a confidence that we can do what we have to do. It's the feeling Green Bay used to have, a feeling that we're developing."

With that feeling, Minnesota's regal purple could be, appropriately, the color of a new dynasty.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEIL LUTER

Minnesota's Kapp uncorks one of his 19 passes, 11 of which were complete for 148 yards.

TWO GUYS ON A BOSTON HOT SEAT

by FRANK DEFORD

The men who share the heat are Tom Heinsohn and Red Auerbach, and their huge problem is a missing Celtic player



Distracted at his team's repeated errors, Coach Heinsohn glowers at court-side.

Following on the heels of the rumor that Beatle Paul McCartney had died and been replaced by an impostor came the shocking reports out of Boston last week concerning another left-hander. There was evidence, not mere rumor, that after 13 years and 11 world championships Bill Russell was indeed missing from the Celtics. Apparently, Red Auerbach has spirited away a center named Henry Finkel from San Diego to assume Russell's place on the court, and has cleverly disguised Finkel in a green-and-white Celtic uniform. In addition, Red has put a State Mutual of America insurance salesman from Natick, Mass., named Tom Heinsohn, on the bench to take over Russell's responsibilities there.

Preposterous as all this might sound to a man just back from outer space, members of the Russell-is-indeed-gone cult have assembled facts to support their belief. They point to page one of the

NBA statistics, which shows that Will Chamberlain is shooting more and with confidence again. Sensitive listening devices prove conclusively that Boston's opponents are hearing 96½ fewer footsteps this year. And—alas—the Celtics now get beaten every time they play basketball.

"Even a train must stop," says Red Auerbach, admitting all and going on to suggest that trains that refuel with good draft choices proceed again. But it will never be the same again in Boston. The real question is not how good the Celtics still are, but whether the Celtic mystique will survive beyond the demise of the dynasty. With Russell gone, and Sam Jones too, Auerbach remains as the only direct link to all the glorious past. Heinsohn is there, but he was gone for a long time; Satch Sanders is the patriarch now, but he arrived years after the championship run had been well established.

The players who made the tradition are not only gone but secure in new identities. Bob Cousy is Cincinnati. Bill Sharman is the ABA. Frank Ramsey is Kentucky rich. A bunch of the others have college jobs. And Auerbach and his players were all that the tradition ever comprised anyway. The Celtics differed from other athletic dynasties in that they never held the fancy of their community nor represented a single proud ownership. The Celtic organization was once the corporate presence of one honored man, Walter Brown, but any semblance of management continuity disappeared with his death in 1963, and since then the world champions have been nothing more than strumpets of high finance, passed on from one balance sheet to another. Presently they are an acquisition of something called Trans National Communications, Inc., another property just like Wireline Radio, East West Films and Sam Senter Farms. Moreover, the

Celtics have always been treated with indifference in Boston. Unlike the Canadiens, the Packers, the Colts or even the Yankees, the Celtics have had to find their only real community on the court. They have been the Basketball Celtics.

That the team has always been so unified on the floor is somewhat contradictory, too, since by nature most of the stars have been proudly independent. There have been few cliques. Candor was valued so highly that Russell was often violently reproached by his players when he appeared to be sluggish last year. Physical expression has never been inhibited, either. There have been some dandy scrammages over the years, and last season such an unlikely twosome as old Sam Jones and Don Nelson slugged it out one day. By the same token, there still is a keen awareness of the order of things. When Emmett Bryant stopped Bud News Barnes—who is hot-tempered and then gets distracted from the business at hand by thoughts of revenge—from fighting a Detroit Piston last week, Bryant's concern was the team. "Hey, man, if you fight, you can't get us no place," he scolded.

Wayne Embry, who played with and against the Celtics and who is now director of recreation for the city of Boston, is a well-qualified observer. "The base was always mutual respect," he says. "When you joined the Celtics, they already knew what you could do and what you could not. They showed respect for what you were capable of, and didn't concern themselves with what you weren't capable of."

With this background and despite the unfortunate start the team has had, Heinsohn may have an easier job as coach than Auerbach will have as steward of the tradition. After four straight losses by last weekend, the team was down, losing confidence and beginning to press. But in a way there is more enthusiasm than last year.

"These guys know that everybody is really out now to rub it into us," Heinsohn says, "and we lost a couple tough ones right away. Any other team might have become completely demoralized, but they haven't. But why do you think I took this job? I could spend a lifetime coaching and never develop the kind of spirit I walked into right away."

Heinsohn can speak with considerable authority on the subject of spirit, be-



Dismayed by what he sees on the scoreboard, Auerbach endures another Celtic defeat.

cause when he played, Auerbach often made him the recipient of criticism that should have been directed at other more sensitive players. Red would chew Heinsohn out for every conceivable sin, and then conclude amiably, "And that goes for the rest of you guys, too."

The only thing about Heinsohn that truly irked Auerbach was his conditioning, or his lack of it. He once called Heinsohn "the oldest 27-year-old body in the history of sports." Heinsohn smoked a pack a day the whole time he was playing. On the rare occasions that he tried to give cigarettes up he would gain so much weight that Auerbach would beg him to start again. In his retirement Heinsohn has solved this problem by smoking and gaining weight at the same time.

Auerbach, cigar in hand, comes down to watch his pupil conduct practice, standing there beside him like a professor emeritus. Heinsohn has the Celtics running fast breaks, over and over.

The image of the dashing, roaring Celtics of his heyday is obviously implanted firmly in Heinsohn's mind, but the strategy is not simply some vain reflection of his youth. The whole league is running more, and Heinsohn is convinced the Celtics must do the same to get back into contention. He screams an obscenity as the Celtics blow another break. "I'd like to see five baskets in a row off the break. Five baskets—that's all."

A pass goes awry. "Five shots in a row," Auerbach mutters.

"Yeah, I'd be happy just with five in a row," Heinsohn bellows.

Success on the break is predicated on getting a quick outlet pass to a guard, and few men have ever approached Russell's mastery of that art. Finkel has actually played quite well since coming to the Celtics, and he does not brood about fate casting him to follow Russell's act. He is industrious and a good shooter. He got 19 points and 17 rebounds against

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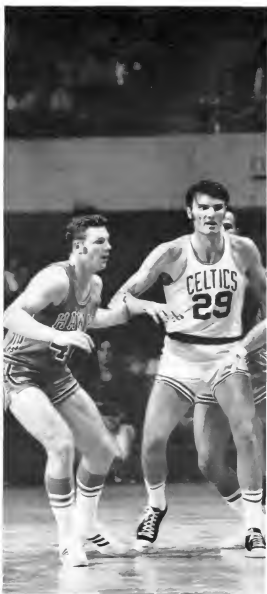
Atlanta, but he cannot make that quick outlet pass often, and his replacement, Barnes, has no gift at all for the move. As a result, early on, Heinsohn gave up much hope of achieving the classic two-on-one type of break. Instead, he now works toward getting the whole team upcourt fast, looking for 4-on-3, maybe even 5-on-4, or finding the trailer open for a quick jump shot.

Russell's talent was always difficult to assess completely, and now that he is gone new insights into his value are appearing. It seemed ironic, for example, that the Celtics, although losing, outrebounded the opposition in their first three games. Larry Siegfried, who succeeded Heinsohn as Auerbach's whipping boy and has the most active and inquisitive basketball mind on the team, mulled over the perverse rebound figures. "Everybody has always assumed that outrebounding the other team was vital," he said, "but now I'm beginning to think that total rebounds are not as important as who gets the rebounds. That's what really signifies how a team is playing. We outrebounded Baltimore, but almost all of their rebounds were going to Unseld or Johnson. Their guards anticipate this and start to flare all the way to half court as soon as a shot goes up."

"They get you thinking defense when you're still playing offense," Bryant added. And that, of course, is how opponents used to talk about the Celtics when Russell was there.

As might be expected, the Celtics have had trouble adjusting to playing without Russell's strength in key areas. "They're not boxing out on rebounds—it's like they thought he was still around," Auerbach says. Also, Finkel has found that his toughest problem is dealing with so many opponents being funneled down the middle. That was what the Celtics always did when they had Russell playing goalie.

But Russell has also been missed more than might have been anticipated in the set offense, where his role was often viewed as rather insignificant. The Celtics are still using the seven master plays (with options) that Auerbach began devising in the 1940s. Most of the plays involve the center, who handles



Coming by a pick by Finkel (29), Siegfried finds Atlanta's Gary Gregor waiting for him.



the ball, sets the picks or both. Timing is so vital that even though Russell had run the plays for a decade, they would go all to pieces whenever he stopped practicing regularly. It takes very little to throw the plays off. Finkel, though left-handed like Russell, is more of an outside shooting threat. When he sets up on the high post, the percentages call for the man guarding him to overplay to Finkel's left side. Just this slight change all but ruins the chances of success for such standbys as No. 1 (Sam's old favorite), No. 2 and No. 22, since the defensive man is exactly where the shooter is supposed to be. Nor is Finkel agile enough to compensate for this.

"Russ was so smart and we played together for so long," says John Havlicek, "that he always knew where we were. I mean he knew where we were liable to be, depending on the several ways the defense might react. He had such good hands and was such a good passer. Now we're getting the ball two or three feet away from where we used to."

But sometimes it also seems that these technical, mechanical problems are not nearly as significant as the simple fact

that the Celtics are suddenly making mistakes—walking, three-second violations, wild passes, stepping inbounds before throwing the ball in. They had 81 turnovers in their first four games. Is that also because Russell is gone, or is it the first crack in the mystique, the first glimmer that the Basketball Celtics will become the Trans National Communications, Inc. Celtics?

The team's first draft choice, Jo Jo White, a superb backcourt man, is sitting on the bench in Marine uniform as the Celtics lose. He is on furlough, will be released from active duty on December 17, and everybody becomes more aware of that date with each defeat. So maybe the future starts then, or maybe next week, or maybe not at all this season. The past is easier to reckon with. It is arrayed above Jo Jo White on the ceiling of the Boston Garden, all the pennants, from 1957 on, and the banners with the uniform numbers of the Celtic stars who have retired. It is a bold display of pride, and to date nothing has been able to obscure it but the smoke that drifts up from the stands during the action.

END



Sitting with worried Celtic substitutes, Jo Jo White observes difficulties he may help solve.

NO DEFEATS, LOADS OF TROUBLE

When Coach Lloyd Eaton of Wyoming's unbeaten football team suspended his 14 black players after a bitter dispute he started a controversy that has aroused passions throughout the state

by PAT PUTNAM

Oh, it was a beautiful homecoming. The weather was as pretty as the queen, cool and crisp, and nobody minded a little wind. As people strolled from the stadium last Saturday they laughed and talked about how their unbeaten Wyoming had just manhandled San Jose State 16-7, which made it hard to get up a real working anger against those 14 black athletes Coach Lloyd Eaton threw off the team two weeks ago. Coach Eaton had shown those protesters he

could win without them. Good riddance, and never mind a lot of talk about civil rights, because this is Wyoming, and out here we do things our way. Like Coach Eaton told those athletes: Boys, if you don't like the way we run things around here then you better go play at Grambling or Morgan State. Yes sir, and wasn't that victory over San Jose State just glorious?

"Yes, it was a glorious victory," said Bill Waterman, smiling thinly, "and now

we shall see about the rest." Waterman is an NAACP lawyer out of Detroit, a short, rather round, quiet-spoken man, and he arrived in Laramie, Wyo, last week with the belief that the rights of a student should not be limited just because he is an athlete. His first move will be to seek an injunction against the University of Wyoming in federal court this week. "First we want to get the players reinstated," he said. "Then we'll go from there."

Eaton abruptly dropped the 14 black athletes from the team on Oct. 17, after, he says, they took part in a demonstration against Mormon racial policies, which exclude Negroes from the priesthood of the Mormon Church. Wyoming was to play Brigham Young University, which is run by the Mormons, the following afternoon. Eaton insists that his players act as individuals and not as factions, which he feels splits the team, and he became incensed when the Negro players appeared before him that morning as a group. "They came in together and they came wearing black arm-bands," he said. "It was simply a matter of discipline. Black or white, it didn't matter to me. They broke the rule and I told them they were no longer members of the team."

All his life Eaton has lived by the rules. He is a stern disciplinarian who can neither understand nor forgive a breakdown in team unity. As a boy he had to help his father scratch a living from a tiny ranch in the Black Hills of South Dakota. During the Depression he worked his way through college by sweeping floors for 25¢ an hour. Nobody gave him anything. Nothing came easy for him and he feels that nothing should come easy for those who play under him. Until now his iron discipline has worked and worked well. The last three years Wyoming has been the Western Athletic Conference champion; this year it has won six games, leads the

Wyoming blacks, seeking a way of protest, say they just want to Eaton with a request.



nation in rushing defense and is ranked 16th. Next to two national parks, football—University of Wyoming football—is about the biggest thing in the state. And so, at the university, Eaton has perhaps more influence than Dr. William D. Carlson, the president. He certainly is more popular than Stanley K. Hathaway, the governor. And now he is convinced that he is the target of a Black Power plot.

"We've played Brigham Young for many years," Eaton said one day last week. "Why haven't we had a demonstration before? And we've had Negro players here since 1960, I'll tell you why. This is the first year the Black Student Alliance has been on campus. Now they're organized and ready to act. The WAC was picked because of Brigham Young. And we were picked as the trigger because of our rule against demonstrations. It all fits."

"The whole problem is that no one understands us," said Joe Williams, the Wyoming tailback and one of the team's three captains before he became one of the exiled 14. "If Eaton had, none of this would have happened. His story of a racial plot is ridiculous. We knew about the rule against protest and we went to him on that Friday morning only to see if we couldn't work something out. We felt very deeply about this, but we just wanted to talk to him. We wanted to see if we could wear black armbands in the game, or black socks, or black X's on our helmets. And if he had said no we had already agreed that we would be willing to protest with nothing but our black skins."

Both sides agree they met first in Eaton's office and that the coach took them into the field house. There they stop agreeing. Eaton claims he listened to them for 10 minutes and then told them that they were out.

"Like hell he gave us 10 minutes," said Williams. "He came in, sneered at us and yelled that we were off the squad. He said our very presence defied him. He said he has had some good Negro boys. Just like that."

"Then he said it was stupid for us to be protesting against a faith and a religion none of us knew about," said Willie Hysaw, an ex-receiver. "Talk about stupid! Do you know that Ted Wil-

liams [another of the 14] is a Mormon?"

When University President Carlson learned of the dismissals, he called the governor, who drove over from Cheyenne in a snowstorm. A board of trustees meeting was called hastily, and 18 hours later, early Saturday morning, the trustees announced that they were backing Eaton all the way.

Across the state support for Eaton poured in. The cowboy element was angry. When seven members of the faculty said they would resign unless the 14 were reinstated, the Touchdown Club in Casper said it was raising money to get the seven out of the state. The student senate came out in favor of a hearing on the issue—which caused the rest of the students to call for an impeachment of the senate. A faculty-student ad hoc committee was formed to investigate, and then was never heard from again. The school paper came out for the 14, and then Phil White, the editor, resigned. Carlson called a press conference, was backed into admitting, unintentionally, that at Wyoming football came first and civil rights second. When he realized what he had said, the press conference was over. One member of the state legislature said that if Eaton backed down, there would be trouble with the university budget next year. Eaton wasn't about to back down.

Meanwhile, at San Jose State the team voted to wear multicolored armbands against Wyoming in support of the 14, and groups at other WAC schools demanded that Wyoming be dropped from their schedules.

"It's building," said Bill Waterman,

"All across the country. Building and building. This will be a new day for the college athlete, both black and white."

At Wyoming the Black Student Alliance said it would set up picket lines at the San Jose game. Governor Hathaway said he was ready to call out the National Guard. Everyone was in a pause. The university, in an official letter, which Waterman has, said it understood on good authority that 2,000 Black Panthers were headed for Laramie. "That's not only a lie," said Waterman, "it's criminal."

On Saturday, an hour before the game, Vernon Breazeale, the chief of the Laramie police force, watched as an orderly group of 134 pickets circled 200 feet from the stadium gate. "One thing I want these kids to understand," Breazeale said, "is that we are here to protect them, not to fight with them. Their fight is with the university, not with us. All the football players on the football team are good kids, both the black and white ones. Real gentlemen. I remember another coach we had here. He used to bring in ex-convicts to play. Real hoodlums. Always drunk, always in trouble. We used to club them over the head until the blood ran down the side of their mouths. I'm glad these kids today are different."

He watched as a black girl silently carried a sign that said: "Something is happening here, but you don't understand what it is, do you?"

"I guess that sign says it all," someone said.

"Yeah, I guess so," said Chief Breazeale. END



But Eaton contends they knew his rule: players may only act singly, not as a faction.

THE MUTED MOMENTS OF HOCKEY



As every fan knows, hockey is speed, sticks, hitting, noise, congested arenas. At first glance the paintings by Richard Estes on this and the following pages offer an altogether different concept. All is cool, quiet, passive, strangely devoid of movement. But as Estes has demonstrated to the art world, he has an unusual knack of involving the viewer in his compositions "There is a waiting line for his work 45 to 50 deep," says New York's Allan Stone Gallery'. Each muted scene here is, on closer inspection, pregnant with life. There will be a queue at the ticket window, a rush of action on the now-vacant ice. What Estes deliberately has left out of the picture one cannot help painting in.





There is an eerie quality in Estes' peephole depiction of the ice from an empty arena corridor.





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*But, what is watching the set
up? Even more than a lot of
things, some that must be com-
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UCLA WAS A MISTAKE

The basketball was fine, says Lew, but campus conditions almost impelled him to quit school

Everybody lives in dreams and fantasies, no matter what his color, and my vision of UCLA was of an idyllic place where I would play basketball, study, go to an occasional beer bust, stroll arm in arm on the campus with the chicks, enjoy long bull sessions in the dorm with the cats and, in general, live the collegiate life that I'd read about and been promised by all those guys I'd talked to on my visit the April before. I wasn't happy about leaving my parents and my old neighborhood, but I had to face the fact that there was prejudice in New York, and there was a semipermanent riot situation in the Harlem that I once loved. Maybe it was better to get away from all that for a while and go out to California, where people were color-blind and a man could live his life without reference to color or race.

Well, right from the beginning I didn't lack for friends at UCLA. Black friends. My pal Kenneth Kelly had come out to Los Angeles with me; the deal was that he would run for the UCLA track team after a year at Santa Monica City College. He couldn't live in the UCLA domes, as I did, but he found quarters nearby in a fraternity house, and we were together all the time. My roommate in the dorm was Lucius Allen, a very outgoing happy guy and a genius with a basketball, who played on the freshman team with me. Lucius never exhibited any racial prejudice toward me. Of course, Lucius is also black.

continued

LAYING ONE IN as his team beat Houston and Elvin Hayes (44) in the 1968 championships was sweet revenge for Lew. Earlier in the year, because of an injured eye that had hampered him in practice, Lew had played poorly as UCLA lost to Houston in the Astrodome. The SI cover reporting that close defeat was posted in his locker as a constant self-reminder.

I quickly discovered that there is no special breed of people called Californians, with their own culture and background and attitudes. I discovered that most Californians came from other places, where racial prejudice abounded, and some of these Californians had the same feelings about race as their friends back home. To these bigoted people, deep down inside, I was nothing but a jive nigger. Oh, they'd try to overcome their feelings. Once in a while one of them would get up the courage to engage us in conversation, but it was hopeless. Many of these people could not relate to a black man. I realized very quickly that my attempt to outflank the racial wall had failed. I'd first observed the wall at St. Jude's in New York, and now I knew that it extended all the way from Jones Beach to Santa Monica. There was no way to outflank it.

There also seemed to be a special art form in California: the art of seeming to like people that you really don't like. It wasn't long before I realized that certain cats who hated my guts were giving me the big Pepsodent beachboy smile and saying, "Hello, how are you?" The intensity of the smile and the greeting would never vary, even when I was hearing stories about how much they disliked me. I never could get with this kind of behavior. Back in New York City, you knew who liked you and who didn't. You knew where you were. But in California I felt like I was in the middle of the ocean on a raft.

Of course, we were rubbing elbows with whites all the time at the dorm—that was unavoidable—and those kids would do things that I could not believe. Their idea of fun was to flood the floor, take off all their clothes and slide along the tiles bare-butt. Oftentimes they would chase each other down the halls, goosing. They were very big on goosing. I'd just stand there and watch and try to take it all in and understand. But I couldn't understand. Kids around me 20 and 21 years old acting like infants. Wow! And I said to myself that I had to come all the way to California at the age of 18 to find out that I was a very old person. I was very much aware that certain Americans were suffering from hunger and cold and deprivation, and I took all this seriously. Less than a year earlier in Harlem I had watched people shooting, looting, screaming, stealing, trying to kill one another, trying to kill

the cops, in a great upheaval of rage and frustration. This meant something to me. But the most amazing thing about these kids sliding all over the tiles was that right here in Los Angeles, just a few months before, something had happened that should have tightened them all up. The Watts riot had taken place. And not only did it mean nothing to most of these kids, but most of them were not even aware that there were hungry people in East Los Angeles. They didn't know because they didn't care to know. They were juveniles, children, babies. I just couldn't warm to people like this, and since they weren't all that crazy about me, I stayed primarily with the black brothers.

Pretty soon I began reading in the local press that I was eccentric. Maybe I was. One thing that frosted the sports-writers was an order by the athletic director, J. O. Morgan, that no member of the freshman basketball team could be interviewed. The press interpreted this as my idea—it wasn't—and after a while they tried to make a career out of sticking it to me. They had expected me to be Stepin Fetchit, and when I turned out to be Lewis Alcindor, then I had to be weird, eccentric, surly. Well, I did my best not to be surly, but sometimes those people at UCLA put me to the test. I hadn't been on the campus three days when Kenneth Kelly and I were walking and heard these white cats talking behind us. One of them said, "Hey, is that Lew Alcindor?" And another guy said, "Yeah, that's him. He's nothing but a big—." I turned around and started wolfing at the guy, and he just strolled off. I wanted to go snatch him, but Kelly talked me out of it. He said we hadn't been on the campus very long; we'd better cool it. There were a lot of incidents of that nature.

Another thing that bugged me was the way the kids seemed to think that they could make any comments they wanted about my height. Now don't get me wrong. I've never been touchy about being tall. I like being tall. The chicks like it; the fans like it. It's fun being this tall. The problem is on the short people. It bugs them no end. They get all disturbed when they see me. They get messed up; I'm not messed up. But I do get bored with hearing about it all the time. Once in a while something does happen that's truly funny, and then you just have to laugh about it. Annoyed as

I was by these kids at UCLA, I had to laugh when I found out that a boy and a girl had been tripping on LSD in the lounge of the dorm, and when I came in the door they studied me up and down and decided I must be part of their trip!

It wasn't very long before I fell in with a little group of cats that kind of stood together. Kelly was one of them. Edgar Lacey turned out to be a very thoughtful, sensitive brother, and he was one of us. Sometimes we'd talk with Lucius, but he was still in that stage of trying to get along with the whole world, and Mike Warren was still busy being the great lover, so mostly it was me, Kelly, Lacey and a good friend named J. J. Johnson. J.J. was a very heavy brother, very heavy. He was carrying close to a straight 4.0 average, and he's doing the same right now at Harvard Law School. J.J. was proud and glad to be black, and angry at anybody who didn't dig him and his pride. We hit it off right away; he'd take me home and have his mother feed me the real home cooking, and without his comradeship and moral support I would not have made it through the freshman year at UCLA.

The thing that I enjoyed the most was our ball sessions after class. I had just finished reading Alex Haley's *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, and I was full of serious ideas. I could see the whole transition of the black man and his history. And I developed my first interest in Islam, not Elijah Muhammad's private Islam, but the real Islam, the religion of half a billion people on earth. Me and Kelly and Lacey and J.J., we'd walk straight up into the mountains and then sit up there and talk about things like Malcolm X and black pride and Islam. Malcolm X became my star to follow, and I've followed that star ever since. That same year, J.J. put me onto books like *Autobiography of a Yogi*, and I learned about the third force in the world and the rising tide of black nationalism. I read LeRoi Jones' poems and plays. My head was filled with things, spinning with new ideas. That's the real purpose of a university, not so much to teach you as to get you to teach yourself. UCLA was doing this for me, but it was only because of people like J.J. and a few other black brothers. What an irony.

One Sunday morning I woke up and realized that I hadn't been to Mass since coming to the Coast. All my life I'd been

a practicing Catholic, and now suddenly it was over, and I had no regrets whatever. In my mind, I became an apprentice Muslim, reading everything I could get about Islam. The *Qur'an* The sayings of Mohammed. The histories of Islam. The Bible had no further meaning for me. The Bible and its teachings had produced all these hate-filled people that I saw in Los Angeles. It seemed to me that there was nothing in the world as unlike Christ as Christians.

As far as basketball was concerned, it was a weird scene but not unpleasant at all in that freshman year. The only bad thing about it was that we won every game and we were expected to, and that can get to be a drag. We beat the varsity by 15 points, and they had been national champions the year before! But no wonder we beat them. Coach John Wooden and his assistants had done a fantastic recruiting job. On that freshman team we had Kenny Hertz, Kent Taylor (who later transferred to Houston), Lynn Shackelford, Lucas and me. With a team like that, how could we lose? To tell the truth, I was learning nothing on the court. It was all too easy. We actually beat one team by 103 points.

I think the athletic department realized very quickly that I wasn't getting any better in competition like this, so they hired Jay Carty to work out with me and teach me something. Jay had starred at Oregon State; now he was studying for a doctorate at UCLA, and he was happy to take the part-time job of teaching me something. He was 6'8" and he had great moves, and he used to pound my tail in one-on-one games. He'd try to psych me and taunt me, to prepare me for the varsity games that were coming, and he didn't hesitate to give me the elbow or the knee, because he knew they were coming, too, and he was so right. He didn't think I was in very good shape—he said I needed hardening—and he chalked a line on the backboard 18 inches above the basket and made me jump up and touch it 10 times a day with each hand. Between working with Jay, and learning to play with the other guys on the freshman squad, I can't say that my first basketball season at UCLA was unpleasant on the court.

At Christmastime I went home for vacation. Never in my life was I so eager to get to New York. We played a

game on Friday night, and I was to leave the next morning at 9. I went back to the dorm, got dressed, packed and sat up all night. That's how excited I was.

The trip back to New York did me good, refreshed me, and I came back to UCLA in a better mood. I decided to give the interracial hit another chance, to try to blend with people and maybe exchange a few ideas. I also decided that I would enjoy some dates, and at UCLA that pretty much meant going out with white girls. There are black girls on the campus, sure, but they are in outer space somewhere. They are superconscious of the fact that they're black chicks making it in a white world. They play their roles as firsts: regular Aunt Jemmas. So I dated a white girl who lived in the next dorm a few times. And the sky came crashing down!

When I started dating this girl, we talked it over and we knew that we would have to be very discreet. We couldn't roam all over the campus holding hands. We couldn't make the scene at the cafeteria as though we were going steady. We couldn't go out to public things like the movies or places where they played jazz. We knew all this. We weren't flaunting our interracial friendship, we were just a chick and a cat who dug each other and enjoyed each other's company. But word got out, because a few times I called on her at her dormitory—what could be more respectable than that? The first thing I knew, these white cats would come up to me and say, "Hey man, I hear you're going with..." And I'd say, "I see her once in a while." And another guy would say, "What's this I hear about you and..." You know, they were acting as though they just had a perfectly normal interest in the girl that I was dating, but up to now they hadn't had any interest in me whatever, so why all this sudden attention to my love life?

But that was nothing compared to what her group was putting on her! Anonymous callers would tell her she was a nigger lover. Her friends would ask her to sit down and discuss the subject heart to heart, and the first question would always be, "Are you sure you know what you're doing, dating a colored person?" A few of the more direct ones would say, "How can you do something like that?" And a few others cried over the tragedy of it all.

Man, it just became too big a pain, so I called her up and told her to forget it. I wasn't in love with the girl, I just liked her. I don't know if she was in love with me or not, but I do know that she liked me. I know that it upset her quite a bit when we had to break up. She was a nice girl, she was pleasant company and she was color-blind. But our friendship certainly wasn't worth having both our lives wrecked by all

continued



STUFFING for two of 56 points in his first varsity game, Alexander sets a UCLA record

this pressure, so that was the end. I hated to see her hurt. She's married now, and I hope she's happy.

There were many lonely nights after that. Basketball season was over, and there wasn't a single thing to do except rap with the brothers, and that can get a little old when you've done it for 30 or 40 nights in a row. I got more and more lonely, and more and more hurt by all the prejudice, and finally I made a decision. Ever since childhood I had had this ability to draw into myself and be perfectly contented. I *had* to, I had always been such a minority of one. Very tall, Black, Catholic, I had made an adjustment to being a minority of one, and now I said to myself that I was going to go back to that policy. It was not necessary for me to cross the color line, my ego didn't need it. Instead, I would draw my pride from the black people, from Islam and the race of brothers. So I pushed to the back of my mind all the normalcies of college life: dances, mixers, chicks, parties, and I dug down deep into my black studies and my religious studies. I withdrew into myself to find myself. I made no further attempts to integrate. I was consumed and obsessed by my interest in the black man, in Black Power, black pride, black courage. That, for me, would suffice.

UCLA alumnus Mike Frankovich helped me get a job with Columbia Pictures' Screen Gems in the summer after my freshman year, and that was a good deal. I was sort of an apprentice in the music department, learning the music-publishing business, and the office was in New York, so I could live at home and stash away most of the bread I made. At the end of the summer I paid \$1,100 for a 1958 Mercedes, and that made life slightly easier in Los Angeles, because it's the kind of place that to get anywhere—even the drugstore—you've got to drive five miles. I decided not to go back to the dorm for my sophomore year—I couldn't stand any more of those kiddies' games they played there—and Edgar Lacey and I took a small apartment in Santa Monica. Lacey was a junior that year, but he had to lay out because of a knee injury. Another of our good players had to lay out, but for a different reason. Mike Lynn had gotten in some credit card trouble, and the athletic department disciplined him



UCLA CHEERLEADERS OVERWHELM LEW AFTER HIS TEAM'S FIRST NCAA TRIUMPH

by not letting him play his senior year. Until then, Mike had had the typical white-American attitude. He didn't run around calling people nigger or anything like that, but you could see that he definitely thought in a stereotyped manner. But when he got into trouble with the law and with the school, he became sort of an outcast, and it shaped him up fast. Now he knew what it was like to be barred from the Establishment, just like a black athlete; overnight he had become a minority race, and so he kind of drifted toward our little black group, and we got to know him well. He turned out to be a real man. He learned fast, and he lost his prejudices almost overnight. Mike Lynn is a great object lesson in how fast a white man can see the truth, provided he will listen.

That sophomore year was my most pleasant year in terms of basketball, and my most miserable year in terms of social life. Let's talk about the basketball first. We were automatically supposed to win the national championship, but there's a big difference between predicting such a thing and going out there and doing it. We were four sophomores and a junior, Mike Warren, and it didn't matter how good we had been the year before, we still had to learn to work together as a varsity team and meet some teams that were not exactly slouches, either. So the sports handicappers might have felt that the season was over before it started, but we players had plenty of doubts and misgivings, and we really worked hard. We worked so hard, in fact, that we might even have been

overtrained for the opener. We beat Southern Cal 105-90, and I hit 23 of 32 shots and 10 out of 14 at the foul line for 56 points, a new UCLA record. That was one of the last times in my career that a team played me man-to-man. In our next game, Duke put three big men on me, and I didn't even get to take a shot for the first 7½ minutes of play. It was like being in jail, with all those arms and legs around me. But of course the antidote for that kind of person was very simple: I just passed off to the men who were left in the clear, and we won the game 88-54. I only scored 19 points, but I wasn't at UCLA to score points. Duke was ranked seventh in the country then, and when we came back in the second game of the series to beat them 107-87, with me getting 38 points, their coach had a lot of nice things to say about me, which I appreciated very much. He said, "With him in there, you simply can't play your regular brand of basketball."

As it happened, we had no special problems during the season. The routine went about the same: if they surrounded me with players, I would pass off to guys like Lucius and Ken Heitz and Lynn Shackleford, guys who could shoot you out, and we would have an easy time. If they didn't surround me, I would take a few shots myself. I hit for 61 points against Washington State for another school record, and I finished the season with an average of 29 points a game and 15.5 rebounds. My shooting average was .683. As far as basketball was concerned, I was satisfied.

In the NCAA tournament at Louisville, we came up against Houston and Elvin Hayes in the semifinals, and everybody was talking about the personal rivalry between me and Elvin as though it were the presidential race or something. To tell you the truth, I was aware of the rivalry—we had both collected a lot of publicity during the year—but I didn't go out on the floor with any idea of outdoing Elvin. The idea, as always, was to win. Houston was all over me from the opening tap, and it was easy to see that their strategy was to make me foul out early. I got a lot of pushing and shoving in that game, but that was routine. It didn't bother me, and I didn't commit more than one or two fouls in return.

When they saw that this approach

wasn't going to work, Houston put Elvin to psyching me. "Watch this!" he'd say when he got the ball, and he'd tell me when we were close together how they were going to show us how to play the game. That's fine; psyching is part of sports. I did manage to block about five of Elvin's shots, including his dunk, and once or twice I made him walk with the ball, but overall Elvin had a good game, a fine game, statistically a better game than I had. However, we had won: 73-58. Then we beat Dayton in the finals, in one of those games where they paid too much attention to me, and Mike, Lucius and Shack shot 'em dead from all over the court.

Later on I read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* how Elvin had criticized me after the semifinal game. Elvin said: "He's not aggressive enough on the boards, particularly on offense. Defensively, he just stands around. He's not at all, you know, all they really put him up to be." I was a little disappointed in Elvin after I read those sour grapes. We had hung around together for a few minutes after the game, and I'd thought that we were friends. But what I didn't realize till later is that Elvin has this big ego thing going. It messed up his mind to lose like that. So he had to tell everybody how lousy I was. I just told myself that Elvin was doing his thing; my thing was to keep quiet and play the best I could, which is what I did.

But I also found out that year that keeping quiet isn't always the way to become popular. I hadn't come to school to be elected Queen of the May. And I hadn't come to school to spend my time buttering up the press, either. In fact, I very rarely granted an interview, for a number of reasons. An awful lot of people wanted to interview me, and if I let one, I'd have to let them all. The few times that I'd talked briefly to members of the press, they had twisted my words and made me look stupid. I remember one popular sportswriter, a guy who is very clever with words. I forget how it happened, but one day I allowed myself to be drawn into a conversation with him for 15 or 20 minutes. We had a good talk, a pleasant and interesting talk. I told him how I had been reading about the life of Malcolm X, and he seemed very interested in that. I told him how I felt about a lot of things, and how I felt that racial hatred, whether white for

black or black for white, was going to destroy America if it wasn't curbed. So he jotted all this down and walked away. Sometime later he ran an article that said that I was eccentric and surly and that I should be given a one-way ticket back home to New York City. I realized right then why he had started talking to me. He had been looking for something negative to write, and when I didn't give him anything negative, he just unloaded this big bunch of smart remarks.

Not long after that, Lucius Allen and I developed a new way to pass the time. We'd sit around and talk about all the places we could have gone instead of UCLA. I'd had more offers than Lucius, but he'd had plenty, too, and now we were mired at UCLA with all those creeper kids. I spent hours daydreaming about the schools right in the New York area that I could have gone to. NYU, for example. But here I was. Trapped. Because if I transferred now, I'd have to lay out a year, and I didn't want that.

Well, one night Lucius and I said the hell with it, we were through with UCLA; we were going to leave at the end of the year. I was going to go to Michigan, and Lucius was going to go to the University of Kansas, in his home state. The governor had written Lucius a letter that led him to believe that he would live in a gilded cage on the KU campus. As for Michigan, I remembered how nice it had looked when I'd visited there in my senior year of prep school, with all those trees at Ann Arbor and a representative enrollment of black and white kids. I figured I would be able to relax and enjoy myself socially for the first time in my college career. So it was decided. Lucius and I would spend our junior years elsewhere.

But you know those things are. The decision to quit lets off some of your steam, and pretty soon you realize that you'll just be damaging yourself by laying out a year. It's like a guy who takes a lot of stuff from the boss, and he goes home and says to his wife, "That did it! I'm quitting tomorrow!" And when tomorrow comes, he finds he's not mad anymore. So Lucius and I didn't go. We just said to each other that we would pretend UCLA was a job, and stick it out on that basis, the way a bricklayer gets up and goes to work in the morning.

continued

I'll tell you how I felt inside, though. When the school year was over, I put on an African robe and got into my car and headed home. I was shaking with excitement when I saw the New York skyline. I thought I'd never make it to the house. Then I walked inside, sat down on the sofa and, for some reason, I started to cry. I still don't know over what.

That summer I really did my thing. Emmette Bryant and Freddie Crawford, both with the Knicks then, and I went around the ghetto districts of New York talking to the kids about basketball and demonstrating a few shots and moves. I can honestly say that this kind of work gave me more reward than anything I'd ever done before. The money was pretty good, too. We were paid by the New York City Housing Authority—but the looks on some of those kids' faces when we showed up and began talking to them made it worth three times the salary. When the summer was over, I felt renewed and ready for Los Angeles again.

The big events of my junior season were the two games with Houston, but before I go into those games I've got to make a few things clear. In the first place, I am going to tell it exactly like it is, and to do that I am going to have to defy a couple of unwritten laws about sports. One is that above all you must be modest; you must underplay your own achievements and keep pointing out over and over again that it was your teammates who did the job. Another rule I'm going to violate is that you never make excuses. When you lose, it's always because the other team is better. They outplayed you. They were sharp and you were dull, and they deserved the victory, and all that baloney. Those two unwritten laws are responsible for more distortion and more confusion about sports than any two things I can imagine. They were also responsible for the University of Houston enjoying a brief reign as No. 1, when the simple fact was that UCLA was the best basketball team in the country, and when all the results were in we had proved it conclusively.

Eight days before the first game with Houston, I scratched my left eyeball in a game against California. Now a scratched eyeball may not be much of a problem for a guitar player or a well digger, but it's a disaster for a basketball player. The whole game is based on depth

perception and visibility, and when one of your eyes is giving you two blurred images instead of one clear one, you might as well stay in bed and turn the job over to somebody else. But I'm only human. I wanted to play in the Houston game in the worst way, because I honestly thought that, blurred eye or not, the team needed me, and the team would win with me. I was wrong. Nor was it only the blurred images that got me. The fact is, I was suddenly out of shape for the first time in three years. I had missed games against Portland and Stanford. For three days I had been in bed in a dark room, wearing a black patch on my bad eye. And on the other days, I had not been able to work with the team. When the game started on that famous Saturday night in Houston, I felt exactly as I had felt 10 years before when I played my first game on a full court. It was like playing basketball on a football field. The game wasn't five minutes old before I was exhausted, and I played like it. I wound up shooting four for 18 from the floor, the first time in my college career that I had shot under 50%, and the rest of our guys weren't much better. Our whole game was more or less built around me—that may sound immodest, but I told you I wasn't going to be modest—and with me moping around the floor like a sick heifer and having visibility problems besides, who were we going to beat? Certainly not a team with players like Elvin Hayes and Don Chaney.

So with all this going for them, how many points did they beat us by? Two! With everything going for them but the kitchen sink, they beat us 71-69. Which was all right. You can't win 'em all, ha ha. Every team has an off night, we'll get 'em later and all that jazz. I understood all this I was mad, but I could stand it. We were still No. 1. Surely that must have been obvious.

But it wasn't. Immediately the AP and UPI polls showed Houston No. 1 and UCLA second. To people, Houston had beaten UCLA; *ergo*, Houston had to be better. Even *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, which ought to know better, wrote: "Houston became the nation's top team, beating UCLA." We didn't think Houston became the top team at all, even though they'd chopped off our 47-game winning streak. We thought it was quite obvious why they'd beaten us, and it had nothing to do with who was better.

But we couldn't say so. The eye injury was played down. My lack of court hustle was played down. And the fact that Coach Wooden left me in the whole game when he should have taken me out after five minutes—well, I didn't see that written anywhere. *And it was the reason we lost!* I stink up the joint; I was the worst player on the court, but out of some misguided feeling of loyalty or confidence in me, the coach let me stay in and blow the ball game. I thank him for his confidence, but on that occasion it was misplaced.

My eye got better quickly, and we went ahead winning ball games again and Houston stayed undefeated and on top of the charts while all of us guys on the UCLA team just lay in the weeds for them. We knew we were going to get them again in Los Angeles, and we knew we had something to prove. It was an odd situation; you might suppose that we talked for hours about what we would do when we got them and how important the return engagement was and stuff like that. But, in fact, we hardly even talked about the game. There was no need. We were quiet about it; we all knew what we had to do. The only thing I did to keep myself in the right frame of mind was cut a cover out of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and paste it in my locker. It showed Elvin shooting a basket over my head in the first game.

We were still quiet in the locker room before the game. There were no speeches about winning one for the Gipper. We opened with a diamond and one, an arrangement that Assistant Coach Jerry Norman had worked out the week before. We had Mike Warren out on the point with Lucius and Mike Lynn at the sides of the foul line going to the corners, and me underneath. Shuck had Hayes man-to-man, and Shuck and I were responsible for closing off the inside. The game had hardly started before I found myself under the basket and I felt this gnarling nudge in the ribs and heard a voice say, "Man, we're gonna beat you! We're gonna beat you bad!" So I knew I was in the presence of Elvin Hayes, master psychologist, playing his trade as best he knew how. I said nothing. I was too busy.

Well, I won't belabor you with the details. We all played well, and Shuck played great. Elvin scored five points in the first half and five in the second. We won the game 101-69, and the

continued

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could have been worse. Yes, a lot worse. People think we poured it on to prove that we were No. 1, but by the time the first half was over we lacked the incentive to pour it on. We knew the game was won, and we sort of lost our rhythm and our drive. It didn't matter. Anybody with eyes in his head could see how much better we were than Houston. Evidently Elvin knew. When he came out of the game he dropped down on the bench and wrapped a towel around his head so nobody could see him. I told you earlier that Elvin has this big ego thing going, that's probably one of the reasons he's such a great player. This loss to us must have been an awful blow to him. I know that Elvin disappeared after the game, and nobody saw him for a few days. The press kept looking for him for a comment on the game—he'd always had plenty of comments before that—but Elvin was unavailable.

I had brought an African robe to the game, carefully hidden away in my bag. It was the loudest piece of goods anybody ever saw, with big swirls and stripes in red, orange and yellow, and it came to just below my knees. When I wore that, you could see me a mile and a half off. But I couldn't wear it to the game, because Coach Wooden would have blown his top, so I just put it away in my locker. After the game, I didn't care what anybody thought. I had always wanted to show my pride in things black, and in the general exultation of beating Houston, I just hauled out the robe and put it on and walked right out of the locker room as big as life. Coach Wooden saw me, and all he did was smile. My mother saw me, and she said, "My God!" And my father gave me a funny look. But after I explained to them why I was wearing the robe, my mother said, "O.K., that's cool," and my dad said he understood. They both knew I had my own way to go. Some people thought I was just trying to be a hot dog, so show off in the robe, but it wasn't that way at all. It was my way of saying I'm black and I'm proud of being black and here it is, man, you can take it or leave it. This is me.

Next Week

Alcindor's stormy senior year, in which he becomes a Muslim, boycotts the Olympics, leads UCLA to another title and joins the pros.

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Hey, that's Missouri and Oklahoma out there!

If Colorado and Kansas State knew it, they didn't care as they squashed two Big Eight giants, threw the conference race into chaos and made the winner anyone's guess

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Maybe Kansas State really does have a "super, super, super, super" quarterback, which is the way Coach Vince Gibson modestly describes Lynn Dickey, the lad who made big sport of Oklahoma last week. And maybe Colorado's exuberant Bob Anderson really is so splendid a runner that kindly old ladies baked him cakes after he bounced his puns past Missourian. In the big Big Eight anything can happen—and already has. Just when it had begun to look as if college football would get through a season without any mind-boggling upsets, here came this Dickey and this Anderson to throw their conference into such confusion that it may take weeks to unravel the knots. Let it be restated that those weren't printer's errors. Kansas State, which has been back on the farm since about 1934, giggled at the

powerful Sooners 59-21, and Colorado, which has the audacity to run wind sprints after a game, stuck it on unbeaten Missouri 31-24.

What all of this accomplished was massive chaos in what is certainly one of the nation's strongest conferences. There was lots of talk about the Big Eight before last Saturday, because the league had gone 16-8 against outside teams, fattening itself largely on Big Ten schools to the tune of 6-0. The Southeastern Conference could claim a superior interconference record (25-5), but the Dixie teams had hardly left Dixie. The Big Eight not only whooped the Big Ten, it knocked off some pretty good independents in Air Force, Houston and Syracuse. And now, as they settled down to play their conference friends, the teams that had looked like the Big Eight's

best—Missouri and Oklahoma—were suddenly in trouble in what has to be the liveliest conference race in the land.

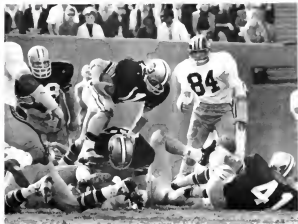
The situation is this: unexpected Kansas State, thanks to Lynn Dickey's passing arm and the wisdom of Vince Gibson, who just might be thinking himself into coach of the year, stands at 3-0. But Colorado, Missouri, Oklahoma and Nebraska all have only one loss, and there are bunches of decisive games ahead. For instance, the Kansas State miracleworkers must go to seething Missouri this week, and Colorado must visit Nebraska. In the future there are Missouri-Oklahoma and Kansas State-Nebraska and Nebraska-Oklahoma, not to forget what might be the biggest of all on Nov. 22 when Bob Anderson takes Colorado into the forgotten nest of Manhattan, Kans., where only 35,000 seats are available for the big showdown with Lynn Dickey.

That would be a fitting place to end the race, for last week both Kansas State and Colorado got the victories they really wanted, and it was those upsets that caused all of the confusion anyhow.

A while back, the day before his team was to play high-ranked Penn State, and eight days before it would take on arch-rival Kansas, Vince Gibson sat at his desk by his purple and white telephone and said, "Beating Penn State would give us national prestige, and we don't have a bigger game than Kansas, but the game I want is Oklahoma." Small wonder Gibson wanted it. In 35 years Kansas State had managed only one measly tie with OU against 34 losses, most of them by thoroughly humiliating scores.

The Wildcats narrowly lost to Penn State (14-17), clipped Kansas (26-22) and went into the Oklahoma game with a 4-1 record and an astonishing lack of respect for the Sooners.

"We've got a better team than Oklahoma," Gibson told his boys. "They've



COLORADO'S BOB ANDERSON, A HERO TO OLD LADIES, SHOWS MISSOURI HIS HEELS

got tradition, but we aren't awed by that. They make mistakes in their secondary, and we can get to them."

Lynn Dickey got to them, all right. A junior who wears white shoes because Joe Namath does, Dickey scattered passing records all over Manhattan as he hurled 28 completions for 380 yards and three touchdowns. He got the Wildcats on top quickly by 14-0. When the Sooners closed it to 14-7 on a long pass by Jack Mildren, Dickey came back throwing to make it 21-7. Another Mildren bomb made it 21-14, but Oklahoma never got closer. Before the half was over, Dickey had again driven Kansas State to a two-touchdown lead, and by the third quarter K State held a delicious 49-14 margin.

It was in the last quarter that OU's bruising Steve Owens got his 13th touchdown of the year and gained more than 100 yards for the 14th game in a row, all of which would be fairly impressive if it weren't for Kansas State's 59 points and 535 yards of total offense.

The big day for undernourished Kansas State was best summed up by one of its broadcasters, Paul DeWeese, who told OU fans, "It's no fun getting clobbered like this, and we are just the people to know how it feels."

Colorado, meanwhile, knew how it felt a year ago to get physically clobbered by Missouri in Columbia. The score didn't hurt so much. It was only 27-14. But the Tigers battered the Buffs around for a total of six concussions. Last week Bob Anderson, aided by a tough front four on defense, got revenge out in Boulder. Missouri could count about nine disabled Tigers as well as Colorado's 31 points when it was over.

There are several things to understand about Anderson. First, he was a roll-out quarterback for two seasons (leading the Big Eight in total offense last year) and for the first two games of 1969. But then Coach Eddie Crowder secretly shifted him to tailback, believing Anderson might be all that Oklahoma's Steve Owens is. Perhaps Crowder is right. With the 132 yards he cranked out of Missouri, Anderson now has 704 yards for the year—71 more than Owens—and with his two touchdowns against Missouri he has just as many as the Sooners star (13), which makes them tied for the nation's scoring lead at 78 points, along with Jim Braxton of West Virginia. Anderson's two touchdowns also

broke Whizzer White's career scoring total at Colorado, as if it hadn't been a tough enough year for the Supreme Court already.

Anderson is a strong ballcarrier, much on the order of Owens and almost as big at 208 and 6 feet. He bashes up and over tackles, drives by them and glances off defenders like a fish flipping out of a boat. He also dates a former pom-pom girl, has an older brother, Dick, who made All-America on defense for the Buffs two years ago, and is so intense a competitor that it was his idea, along with Colorado's other two captains, to lead the team in wind sprints in the end zone after every game—win or lose.

After the first few minutes there was little question about Missouri's fate at Boulder. Anderson's runs got his team off to a 10-0 lead, and when Missouri got back in the game on a 75-yard pass from erratic Terry McMillan to Mel Gray, the Buffs struck just as promptly. Paul Arendt, a substitute quarterback and another of those good sophomores who seem to be everywhere, passed 79 yards to Monte Huber to put the Buffs ahead by 17-7. When Missouri cut that margin, Colorado scored again behind Arendt. And when Missouri came back again, Colorado, with Anderson bolting over everyone, scored once more. It was

such a delicious win that a little old lady greeted Anderson outside the dressing room with a homemade cake, presented it and said, "You've just done so much for me."

Apparently, one of the best decisions Crowder ever made at Colorado was to move Anderson to tailback. Anderson's throwing had never been quite satisfactory, but he was always a devastating runner. Crowder made the switch the week of the Indiana game in the most fascinating of ways. In workouts Anderson ran at tailback, but he wore another number. The quarterback, in turn, wore Anderson's number. This was just in case there were any spies peering down from the Flatirons, the mountain range that overlooks Colorado's scenic campus, a campus so noted for fun that coeds have been known to attend summer school there from the University of Hawaii, and so casual about recreation that a homecoming banner last week asked fans to PUT A TIGER IN YOUR PIPE.

It is no secret anymore that Bob Anderson is situated at running back or that Kansas State's Lynn Dickey is at least one-fourth of "super-super-super-super," so, regardless of what fans are smoking out in Boulder or Manhattan, the whole Big Eight is more than slightly on fire.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (5-0)
2. ARKANSAS (5-0)
3. HOUSTON (3-2)

Houston's defensive coach, Melvin Robertson, had but one thought last week: stopping Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning. The practice on Tuesday was an example. Robertson, the smallest of the Cougar coaches, put someone else's size-12 shoes on his size-9 feet before walking out onto the AstroTurf. It wasn't until that night that he noticed the mistake. "They've been squeaking all night, and I never realized it. Well, I guess that's the price I pay for thinking about Ole Miss." Robertson's concentration paid off. Manning, under severe pressure all night, completed only 11 of 28 passes and ran for 19 yards as Houston upset Ole

Miss 25-11. Manning hasn't enjoyed his two games with Houston. He suffered cracked ribs against the Cougars last season. As for this year he says, "It was as rough a game as I've ever been involved in."

Gary Mullins, Houston's nearsighted quarterback, would have agreed. His nose was broken on the final play of the first half as he tried to throw a block for Split End Elmo Wright. "The last thing I remember," said the bloodstained Mullins, "was a knee coming at my face." But Mullins still managed to complete 13 passes—mostly screens—for 172 yards and a touchdown. He also scored Houston's first touchdown on a 12-yard run off the Veer T, the Cougars' triple option.

Texas and Arkansas, the high and the mighty, marked time awaiting their December face-off. James Street, the Texas quarterback who jabsbers to his teammates in the huddle, was given brief opportunity

continued

for oratey. After turning up a 21-0 lead against Rice in the first half, he was benched. "Street is a tough little rascal," Coach Darrell Royal explained, "but he's just bone and flesh. There's no reason to risk an injury." Sophomore Eddie Phillips, Street's quicker replacement, finished up the 31-0 slaughter of the Dols.

Reserves gained experience for Arkansas, also. Bill Montgomery and Chuck Dicus, who are the Southwest's deadliest passing combination, watched the entire Wichita State game from the sideline. Even so, the Razorbacks scored 32 points. But Wichita wasn't humiliated. Its 14 points were no more than Arkansas gave up to all four of its previous opponents combined.

Jerry Don Sanders is an unlikely hero. The Texas Tech field-goal kicker is from Earth, Texas, and his nickname is "Hoof," a reference to his 6½ shoe size. But Earth had reason to be proud when his 6½ kicked a 36-yarder with 16 seconds left to defeat floundering SMU 27-24.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (6-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-2)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (5-1)

"We were robbed," Dartmouth Coach Bob Blackman told the press after the Harvard game—surprising words considering that the Indians had just won their fifth straight of the season, 24-10. "I don't mean on the field. Somebody ransacked our dressing room during the game and stole the players' rings and watches." Even before the players discovered the theft, the dressing room was like a tomb. "The team didn't react as if it had won," Blackman said. "They knew they didn't play a good game."

Harvard's defense held Dartmouth to 213 yards—less than half the Indians' average. The first-team Dartmouth defense, which has allowed just one touchdown in five games, was responsible for much of Dartmouth's scoring, as the Indians got all their points in the first 18 minutes as a result of two pass interceptions, a field goal and a 65-yard punt return by Tom Quinn. "You can tell by our eyes how good we are defensively," said junior Defensive Halfback Russ Adams. "You get in that defensive huddle when you're under pressure, you look around and you see it in our eyes."

The talent of Penn State's defense is visible on the scoreboard. Two blocked punts and an interception set up three touchdowns in the Nittany Lions' 42-3 win over Ohio University. George Landis, who blocked two Syracuse field-goal attempts last week, got a hand on one of the punts Safety Neil Smith intercepted his seventh pass of the

season and the 16th of his career, this one for 70 yards and his first touchdown. State's defense has now set up 100 points in the last 16 games. Joe Paterno's team has slipped in the polls, although surprising upsets by Kansas State and Colorado—both beaten by the Lions—should help remedy that. Right now Paterno has no comment on the rankings, but the amiable coach had some strong words for the poll makers last week. If at the end of the season the Lions aren't ranked as high as Paterno feels they deserve he "will raise the devil."

The omens were favorable for Pitt before the kickoff in Morgantown, W. Va. Its debating team had scored a split decision with the Mountaineers on the subject, "Resolved: Breakfast Cereals Are Part of an International Communist Conspiracy." Then Pitt used four co-captains to win its first coin toss this season. But that was the last hurrah, as tough West Virginia won 49-18.

Princeton and Yale remained unbeaten against Ivy League competition. Fullback Ellis Moore scored three times and the defense gave up only four first downs as the Tigers found Penn full of brotherly love, beating the Red and Blue 42-0.

"There are only two Italians I ever lost sleep over," said Bill Narzuzzi, Yale's defensive coach, after the Bulldogs had shut out Cornell 17-0. "The first was my wife and the other was Ed Macinero." Cornell's sophomore running back began the afternoon as the nation's leading rusher, but Narzuzzi's crew limited him to 30 yards. The victory extended Yale's Ivy League unbeaten streak to 17 games. Columbia was less fortunate, losing to Rutgers in the last 36 seconds 21-14.

The brigade of Midshipmen finally got a chance to tear down the goal posts at Memorial Stadium as Navy won its first game of the season, but the Middies had to stop Virginia twice at the one yard line to preserve the 10-0 victory.

Not to be outdone, Army also won a game, beating Boston College 38-7.

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (5-0)
2. LSU (6-0)
3. FLORIDA (6-0)

Auburn and LSU were treated to the same Friday night program emotional inspiration, John Wayne's recent legendmaker, *The Undefeated*, and the next day they staged a wild one of their own. In the fourth quarter LSU Coach Charlie McClendon became so excited he gashed his forehead with his fingernail and had to conduct his postgame press conference with a towel pressed to the injury. Early in the last period Auburn

went 95 yards in 11 plays to make it 21-20, LSU. When John Riley entered with his kicking tee, all Baton Rouge figured it would be 21-21 for sure. But LSU linebacker George Bevan felt otherwise. "We had a strong outside rush when Bill Thomason blocked their field-goal attempt in the second quarter," Bevan said later. "This time the man who was supposed to block me moved to the outside again, so I came inside him and caught the ball on my first forearm." The blocked conversion proved the difference and LSU won its ninth in a row.

McClendon received at least one indication the week before the game that success is spoiling Tiger fans. The coach received a letter from an LSU professor that read, "Dear Mac, You're passing too much and scoring too many points. The games aren't interesting any more. Please make them closer, but be damn sure you win." When reminded of the letter after the victory, McClendon smiled and said, "I hope that prof is happy. If I had known last week this was going to be decided by one point, I don't think I would have survived."

Now move on to Florida Field in Gainesville. It is the fourth quarter, and Florida's 21-7 lead over Vanderbilt has shrunk to 21-20, with an extra-point try coming up for the Commodores. Ernie Perez kicks the ball soccer-style into the chest of the on-rushing safety, Steve Tannen. Sound familiar? But, unlike the game in Baton Rouge, the scoring had by no means ended. Tannen went on to intercept two passes, and Gator Quarterback John Reaves continued to throw like Superdome as Florida won 41-20. Reaves tossed five touchdown passes in all, three to Carlos (Chuco) Alvarez, and together they set or broke five school and SEC records. Tannen felt that with a little luck he could have established some records of his own. "Believe it or not, I could have blocked all three extra-point attempts if they hadn't kept changing kickers," he said. "I dove under the first kick, then over the second one. I didn't guess right until the third attempt."

Ara Parseghian was concerned last week, even if Notre Dame was entering the spongy segment of its schedule. "I was worried about a letdown after the tie with Southern Cal," he said. "On Tuesday we normally have a scrimmage. Well, I'm telling you it was one of the worst practices we ever had. So Wednesday I did something we don't normally do—we scrimmaged again. This time we seemed to come out of it." Parseghian shouldn't have worried. After a slow beginning Joe Thernmann took the Irish 73 yards in eight plays late in the first quarter, and Notre Dame managed an easy 37-0 victory over Tulane.

Southeastern Conference co-leader Tennessee had the week off, so the Vols' Doug Dickey spent Saturday watching Georgia, his team's next foe, thrash Kentucky 30-0.

continued

After a bad beating at the hands of Dickey the week before, a loss that virtually eliminated his chance for another conference title this year, Bear Bryant took his Alabama team to Clemson for an afternoon of ego building. The therapy was a 38-13 win, the Bear's 100th at Alabama.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (5-0)
2. KANSAS STATE (5-1)
3. MISSOURI (5-1)

Upsets in the Big Ten were not as shocking as in the Big Eight, but there were some as Wisconsin tripped Indiana as its run for the roses and Iowa nipped Michigan State.

John Coatta, the Wisconsin head coach, was asked if it was special to win on homecoming weekend. For a man who has won just two of 26 games, Coatta's answer was reasonable: "Any time we win is special to me." The 56,000 Wisconsin fans, who by now are as conditioned to losing as Charlie Brown, were emotionally drained by the events in Camp Randall Stadium. They had seen sophomore Ned Graff set a school record with four touchdown passes. Roger Jaeger kicked three field goals for the second time this season. Alan (A-Traie) Thompson gained 100 yards, and it takes more than a colorful nickname for a sophomore running back at Wisconsin to accomplish that. Just ask Greg (Grape Juice) Johnson.

Admittedly, the crowd didn't enjoy a completely painless afternoon. Indiana's Harry Gosso managed four scoring passes himself, three to Jade Butcher, who tied a Big Ten record. The Badgers gave up the ball five times, four on pass interceptions and once on a fumble. "But Indiana gave it back twice on interceptions and four times on fumbles, so it was pretty even," Coatta said. Gosso's 15-yard touchdown pass to Eric Stolberg brought the Hoosiers back to within two points at 36-34. But the attempted two-point conversion failed when Halfback Bob Pernell was stopped at the one. Then the ball changed hands six times during the last 4½ minutes. The Hoosiers' last chance failed in the final seconds when Bill Yarborough intercepted a Gosso pass.

No less exciting was Iowa's 19-18 victory over Michigan State, which gave the Hawkeyes their first Big Ten win. Iowa led the score at 18-18 with less than two minutes left on a six-yard Mike Cilek-to-Kerry Richardson pass. Alan Schuenke, who had contributed field goals in the second and fourth quarters, kicked the winning point.

All was normal at Columbus, however, as Ohio State continued to destroy opponents. This time it was Illinois 41-0, as the Buckeyes prepregged for the Super Bowl. Woody Hayes

presided over his postgame interviews in his patented style. After dispensing with the game by saying, "It was spotty as the devil and we didn't move the ball well inside," Hayes lectured reporters for 35 minutes on World War I and World War II game plans. An event of less sweeping magnitude took place during the afternoon. Rex Kern passed for 193 yards and ran for 40 more to become Ohio State's all-time total-offense leader. Kern, just a junior, has 33 more yards than the old record—2,555—held by Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy.

Alex Agase heard nothing but talk of Pasadena and the Rose Bowl last week. He was pleased that Northwestern was 2-0 in the Big Ten, but a little joke of Ara Parseghian's and the prospect of traveling to West Lafayette to play Purdue worried him far more than the prospect of a trip out West in December. Parseghian had sent his former assistant coach a dozen roses and, when asked to pose with them, Agase roared, "Get them away from me. Wait till I get that guy on the phone." Purdue's Mike Phipps didn't help Agase's mood. He passed for 244 yards and three touchdowns in the Boilermakers' 45-20 win and moved past Bob Griese as Purdue's total-offense record holder.

Unbeaten Toledo's 43-17 romp over Kent State earned at least a share of the Mid-American Conference title since Bowling Green was stopping unbeaten Miami 3-0. Toledo's point total was surprising after Quarterback Chuck Easley sprained an ankle in the first quarter. Kent State, which had the nation's No. 2 rusher in Don Nottingham, lost this dysfunction when Nottingham departed in the opening quarter with a broken finger after gaining only one yard.

WEST

1. USC (5-0-1)
2. UCLA (5-0-1)
3. WYOMING (5-0)

"This game was the best-kept secret in the history of Los Angeles," said Southern Cal's John McKay in reference to USC-Georgia Tech. "On Friday I finally found something about it on page 7. It's our job to get the kids up to play, but it's impossible to do if the campus isn't talking about it, the TV commentators aren't talking about it and the writers aren't writing about it."

McKay's players, performing in a vacuum, nearly lost. They were behind 18-15 with just over five minutes left to play, when Quarterback Jimmy Jones ran left, intent on a sweep. But he saw Sam Dickerson alone, and it was touchdown. When Tech tried a little happier dipper on the ensuing kickoff, USC wound up with the ball and, moments later, a cushion touchdown. "We

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

played well," said Tech's Bud Carson, "but we gave it away." The 53,000 spectators in the Coliseum weren't much happier. They spent most of the game wondering about the outcome of another contest in Palo Alto: One USC fan, suffering from the same malady as his team, said, "The NCAA should bar non-conference games in midseason. How do you get up for them?"

Meanwhile, none of the 34,000 in Palo Alto's Stanford Stadium could find cause for complaint. UCLA, having trailed the Indians 17-6 in the second quarter, had pulled back to 20-20 with 10 minutes left in the fourth. The Bruins considered a tie as appealing as a win, knowing they must beat USC in any case for the Pacific Eight title and Rose Bowl bid. They ran three plays into the line, using up 40 seconds on the clock, and punted. Stanford took over at its own 35 and zip, zip, zip they were at UCLA's 15 and ready for a field goal. But UCLA's rush was magnificent. Five Bruins pored in at Jim Cross, the holder, and kicker Steve Horowitz. Game films later determined that Vince Beshof, the left linebacker, was the man who blocked the at-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Kansas State Quarterback Lynn Dickey set eight passing marks as the Wildcats upset Oklahoma 34-21. Dickey threw for a conference high of 587 yards, and his 28 completions broke his shared Big Eight record.

THE LINEBACK: Linebacker George Bevan of LSU made 10 tackles, but his best move was against the ball. He blocked an attempted extra point as the Tigers slung to their undefeated season with a 21-20 win over Auburn.

tempt. "I felt I had kicked it well," Horowitz said. "It just never got away." Comparison of UCLA and USC was a natural topic of conversation in the Stanford locker room, but Coach John Ralston, perhaps looking to next year, refused to tread on anyone's cleats. "They both are the great teams of this or any season. We are in there with them. So I'd have to say all three of us are among the best in the country."

Despite racial difficulties (page 26), Wyoming had an easy afternoon with San Jose State, winning 16-7. Utah, Wyoming's challenger for the Western Athletic Conference, won its fifth straight, upsetting Oregon State 7-3. Quarterback Clint Harden, who replaced Ray Genth in the final quarter, marched the Redskins 81 yards for the game's only touchdown. Larry Stone, a Utah linebacker, had an exhausting night, making 21 unassisted tackles and nine more assists. The victory was Utah's first against the Beavers in 22 years.

END



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It has been said that deeds, not words, shall thunder, but in the case of **Enil Zatopek** the apothegm may not apply. Zatopek became famous when he won three gold medals in the 1952 Olympics (in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters and the marathon), but in recent years he has made even more noteworthy strides by speaking out against the repressive regime of his native Czechoslovakia. Last week Zatopek's thundering (among other things he was pictured with a poster heralding a new "Soviet invention"—tanks serving as roller skates "for trips to Central Europe") finally became intolerable to the Czech government, and he was expelled from the Communist party because he "lacked understanding of the fundamental problems of the development of our socialist society, and the need to defend it on the basis of the principles of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism."

Three Men On A Horse, the 1935 comedy, was revived in New York last month. It involves, as ancients will recall, three horse-players who always lose and a writer of greeting card verse who picks winners but doesn't bet; so the former decide to kidnap the latter, but the latter can only

dope horses on a bus and—well, never mind. During the curtain call Actor **Jack Gifford** has been telling the audience the name of a real horse running on a New York track. Gifford is no horse-player, a fact reflected in his choices to date—three winners in 16 tries.

♦ Shortly before the surgery on his severely injured legs, **Grigori Hill** was feeling chipper enough to vigorously wave his arms as he described his accident at Watkins Glen (SI, Oct. 13). On the day of the operation London papers reported that he busied himself until the last minute shaving and carefully trimming his mustache. As his wife Bette explains, "He would never want to come out of that operation thinking he looked scruffy." He came out of it feeling scruffy, however. The damage to Hill's knees was extensive. He will be in hip-to-see casts for five to seven weeks, and he has been in such pain that morphine has been insufficient—he has been receiving regular injections of heroin. Nevertheless, he is sitting up in bed, surrounded by fruit, flowers and golf books. "I expect they'll make me do a lot of bicycling when the casts come off," he says, "but I'm really looking forward to getting back on a golf course." Hill learned golf between races on the New Zealand-Australia circuit two years ago, teaching himself from Jack Nicklaus' *My 55 Years to Lower Your Golf Score*. He was fighting his way down to 100 at the time of his accident.

"It's really neat," says **Don Meredith**. "It's a fun game that changes every day!" They may be surprised on Wall Street to learn that Dallas' ex-quarterback is talking about stockbroking, which he got into when he dropped football. "I had been under the protective umbrella of the Cowboys for so long that I didn't learn to appreciate it,"



says Meredith. "Now that the check doesn't come in anymore I'm scraping around to pay this and that off. I'm working 12 hours a day, up at 5:45 every morning, at the office by 7 and home whenever I get through. If I had worked this hard for Tom Landry, there's no telling what I could have done."

The new president of France is being fairly businesslike about conducting the traditional shoots at Rambouillet. **M. Pompidou** did observe protocol recently by inviting the diplomatic corps to the first pheasant hunt of the season, but he loaded his guests into a police bus in the morning and kept them hard at it until 6, skipping lunch. **General de Gaulle** used to be more formal, serving a breakfast of coffee and croissants, after which his guests made their way to Rambouillet in their own chauffeur-driven cars, if they had them, or in cars provided by de Gaulle, if they did not. The general's shoot ended at noon, and the cars, in order of protocol, returned to the chateau where guests changed for lunch, which was served precisely at 1 o'clock. Some speculate that the difference in procedure is due to the fact that Pompidou is himself a hunter—de Gaulle was not,

owing to bad eyesight. His participation was limited, an observer recalls, "to appearing for the last couple of beats, usually peering from behind the guest of honor of the day, a performance that put many a man off-balance."

♦ **Pearl Bailey** is an old body of **Gil Hodges** and a mad Met fan. During the season she was given tickets to a number of games, and after the Series she returned the favor in kind by inviting 76 Met folks—players, wives, children, front-office men, trainers et al.—to *Hello Dolly!* and after the performance she hauled some of them up onstage. Naturally this was enjoyed by **Yogi Berra**, **Ron Swoboda**, **Tug McGraw**, **Bud Harrelson** and **Hodges**—they are used to being onstage. But the surprise was **M. Donald Grant**, the Mets' chairman of the board. Grant is 65, but Pearl announced firmly that now that he was up there he had to do something, so he did—a very respectable soft-shoe. "He was just like an old song-and-dance man," one member of the audience says. "Very light on his feet. Before they finished she even had him doing the strut." Pearl did? After that Series, what else would the man be doing?





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Eric Linklater is a Scot from the wild uplands of Ross-shire, in the Highlands. Once he was a private soldier in the Black Watch and at another stage in his career helped to edit the *Tower of India*. He commanded a fortress in the Orkney Islands during World War II, and shortly after the war ended he was elected rector of Aberdeen University by a cheering student body. Most of his life, though, he has been a highly successful middlebrow novelist whose books enjoyed a vogue that was at its height in the 1940s and '50s.

But now, at the age of 70, Linklater has put novel writing aside for the moment and come out with a revolutionary theory about the life of the Atlantic salmon on which cuts sharply across accepted expert opinion.

When I asked him how the pundits received his ideas, he roared, "They are puzzled! Disinclined to believe! Bewildered!" The experts' response was not the least surprising. For at least half a century it has been acknowledged that salmon do not feed in fresh water. Now Linklater says they do.

They are nourished, he claims, by the decaying corpses of spent salmon—kelts, as they are known—which have died in the river after spawning. Linklater will freely admit that the theory is not his own. It was suggested to him by a man who works for the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, via a Scottish farmer with a deep interest in wildlife. But although Linklater claims to be merely a mouthpiece, his commitment to the theory is deep.

The theory was born on the banks of Loch Shin in northern Scotland, a 20-mile-long lake that has been dammed for a hydroelectric system. The river Shin, a short but prolific salmon river, connects the loch to the sea, but the outflow from the loch is artificially controlled. Fish passes have been built to allow salmon to run the river, pass through the loch and spawn in the hill streams beyond it, but, in fact, the hydroelectric board has to transport several million artificially hatched salmon fry each year by truck and helicopter to the headwaters.

Salmon running the Shin are diverted into a series of pens from which they are netted and stripped of roe and milt. The fertilized eggs go to a hatchery where

eventually the salmon fry appear. This leaves the hydroelectric board with a lot of spent salmon on its hands and, in the first year of the scheme, tankfuls of the kelts were transported to the river mouth for release. As it happened, a slight accident caused 60 of these kelts to be released higher up the river. Kelt survivals, especially of cock fish, are not great. Most of these died at, or very near, the point of release.

The following year, as usual, fresh salmon ran the Shin in the spring. But as soon as they reached the place where the released kelts had died, they stopped. The previous season, the salmon had run freely through to the stripping pens, but now these fish would not move an inch, even though the water flow was varied to try to tempt them to move up. In the end, the fish had to be netted in the pools for stripping. That year no attempt was made to return the kelts to the river. After stripping, they were killed and buried. *This has been the practice ever since.*

Lamentably, though, the scheme has not been a success. A fish-counting device at the dam has shown that out of millions of fry released, only 1,200 developed into smolts—the young fish that migrate to the sea. And the run of salmon in the Shin has dwindled each year. Linklater believes he knows the reason for the death of the fry and for the refusal of adult salmon to move upstream. By removing dead kelts from the river, instead of allowing them to rot in it, the salmon's secret larder was destroyed.

A dying kelt is an ugly sight, compared with the lilac-shot silver beauty of a fresh-run salmon. The cock fish develop great hooked jaws, and the silver sides turn blotched red. Both hens and cocks are lank and withered with tough, leathery skin. Linklater says the skin becomes tougher after death. In natural circumstances, dead kelts will lie in the river through the winter. The cold water keeps them intact in their thick envelope of skin. Not until spring do they disintegrate—just at the moment when the first salmon of the year begin to move upstream.

They move, claims Linklater, in response to a scent, the appetizing aroma of a rich broth composed of decaying fragments of kelt flesh that has burst out of its containing envelope. This, he

A fine kettle of kelt soup in Loch Shin

A Scottish fisherman theorizes that young Atlantic salmon feed on their poor dead mums and dads

says, is why the Shin salmon stopped dead when they reached the point where the 60 kelts died. Upstream there was no further nourishment—no corpses. This, also, is why so few salmon fry survived. Linklater believes that they, too, depend on this source of food.

There are other ramifications of the theory. All salmon, or very nearly all, return to the river where they were spawned. Nobody has ever been able to explain just how they identify it, though different levels of salinity and carbon-dioxide content in estuary water have been suggested. Linklater claims it is because they can recognize by scent or flavor the special broth brewed in their own native river. This kelt-soup, or food-paree, theory conflicts directly with the expert view, which roundly states that salmon do not feed in fresh water, and take a lure or fly only out of anger.

There is a good basis for this view. No one has ever found any food in the stomachs of a salmon taken in fresh water, the stomach itself becomes tiny and atrophied in the river. But this is not inconsistent with the kelt-soup theory, Linklater declares. Soup is the sort of predigested food that would be well-adapted to the salmon's minute gut. If no such substance has yet been discovered in the stomachs, this is because the process of digestion would be very rapid and because the trauma of being hooked or netted would cause the salmon to void its food immediately.

It is wildly improbable, says Linklater, that the salmon, facing the most arduous task of its life, would choose that moment to start fasting.

But, almost certainly, this is what it

continued



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FISHING *Continued*

does. By the time it reaches the spawning ground, a salmon may have lost as much as 25% of its muscle tissue. Everything, including the life of the fish, is subordinated to getting roe and milt to the spawning ground. Kelt soup, though, is perhaps not meant to be total nourishment but a kind of minor boost to get the fish through.

The weakest part of Linklater's case comes when he tries to relate the kelt-soup theory to salmon fry, parr and smolt. Parr, the intermediate stage before migration when the little salmon resembles a red-spotted trout, were shown in a scientific investigation in 1940 to be indiscriminately carnivorous, feeding mainly on surface insects and larvae.

Anglers didn't need to be told this. One of the main drawbacks to fly-fishing for trout on a salmon river is that you have to keep gently unhooking and delicately returning the salmon parr that constantly attach themselves to the hook. The same thing happens when the smolts migrate downstream in May. They slash at every lure and fly in sight. If they are feeding on soup, then it is strictly as a first course.

There are plenty of gaping holes in Linklater's theory. But at least one part of it cannot be summarily dismissed. After spawning, most male Atlantic salmon die, but there is a much lower casualty rate among hen kelts. Many of them regain the sea and eventually return to the river not only once but twice or even three times. Early in the salmon season, the river is often full of female kelts dropping back downstream, and among the many disappointments the salmon angler learns to live with is the hooking of what he calls a well-mended one—a hen kelt that fights so hard and is such a bright silver that until it is on the bank the angler believes that he is into a fresh-run fish. Sometimes the hen is so well recovered that only tell-tale maggots in the gills can convince the angler of the nature of his catch.

No one has ever found food in the gut of a kelt. But somehow or other, a well-mended kelt manages to put on weight. That cannot happen when it is fasting.

In the absence of any other explanation, it is just possible that Linklater may be on to something.

END



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"If you told him to throw a block on a trailer, he'd give it a try." So said a famous coach about Jerry Kramer, for 12 years one of the Green Bay Packers most ferocious offensive linemen.

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Bobby says he wants to play the game

But last week the only Hull on the ice for troubled Chicago was Dennis, as Bobby shopped for beef



After the sorriest of beginnings, a couple of nice things happened to the Chicago Black Hawks last week. First, they proved they would not be 0 and 76 for the season. They played a tie game with New York on Wednesday and on Saturday beat the champion Canadiens—in Montreal—by the unlikely score of 5-0. Second, their biggest star and the National Hockey League's top box-office draw appeared to be on the verge of ending his holdout. Returning to his Ontario farm from a cattle-buying trip to a remote town in western Canada, Bobby Hull said, "This whole dispute is over something so small it's hardly worth speaking about. I hope I'll be playing soon."

In the meantime, Hull's absence dramatized the unhappy state of Chicago hockey—the clique-ridden Hawks fell from first place in 1967 to the cellar last spring—where one of the bitterest cases of player-management friction in hockey history rages on.

If the point at issue with Hull was so small, why wasn't it settled before the season began? The answer seems to be that Hull and the Hawk owners, Arthur and William Wirtz, are all stubborn men, and the Wirtzes are demonstrating the iron control they undoubtedly have over the team. What little they have said about the affair has not been conciliatory: "Hull has a contract with

us and we expect him to live up to it."

In contention is an informal rider to a four-year contract Hull signed last fall after skipping the first game of the season. During the holdout he caused some alarm by announcing his "retirement" from hockey. Terms of the contract were not made public. The hockey world incorrectly assumed them to be \$100,000 for one year, not learning until this fall that Hull had put retirement so far out of his mind that he had re-upped for four.

"I'm not disputing my contract," Bobby said last week. "Our differences are over the way we had agreed to put my money to use investmentwise. It was what Arthur Wirtz said he was going to do with the money and what he did not do. Wirtz still has a piece of paper, initiated by both of us, that spells out our agreement. But he's not living up to it. Unfortunately for me, that piece of paper isn't a contract, so legally they've got me in a bind."

Hull also feels that the Wirtzes are smarting over an interview he gave in August to a Toronto sportswriter in which he used the words "puppets and Bunsteads" in describing the Hawk management. (In a recent letter to Alan Eagleson, the players' attorney, William Wirtz wrote, "P.S. This puppet wrote this letter all by himself. Yours, Bill Bunstead.")

"I probably shouldn't have popped off like I did," says Hull, "but they really got you down after a while. We've had everything all set and agreed upon so many times, and then they go and back out."

"If management can't afford the amount of money Bobby wants," said Hull's brother Dennis, a Hawk left wing and one Hull who is playing, "they can give it to him and take the extra amount out of my salary." Another player, standing nearby, was asked if he'd go along with that. "On the record, hell no. Off the record, hell yes."

Despite Saturday's uprising against Montreal, the Hawks sorely miss Hull's big stick. Winless through their first six games, they were outscored 22-7. The ultimate insult came from three expansion teams—St. Louis, Oakland, Minnesota—who laid in 13-4. Minus Hull the team was not drawing normally, either. In Toronto scalpers who usually get \$18 to \$25 for a pair of \$5.50 tickets when Hull is playing were lucky to get \$13, while on the streets outside Chicago Stadium business wasn't much better. Two scalpers—fixtured in the area—both got stuck with flats full of tickets when Minnesota came to town.

Fans who usually watch the team on television are dropping out, too. At Fred's Caserio's place in Forest Park, where a Black Hawk team picture adorns

the wall and a bus departs for the stadium before each home game, the television set is dark. Even some members of the Black Hawk Standbys club—the team's closest followers—have other things to do. At his apartment on Elgin Avenue, Jack Raordan, having called a meeting of the club's social committee, moves his television set out of the living room to make space for more chairs. "If Bobby was playing I suppose I'd be watching," Raordan says. "But without him in there, and the way the team has been going lately, I guess I'm not as fired up as usual."

The Standbys think the Hawk owners should have handled Bobby better. That the man who scored a record 58 goals last year should be out West looking over a bunch of beef when the team is hurting is something they find especially galling.

"They owe something to us, too, you know," says Tom Faille. "Most of us have season tickets. Some of us have paid as much as \$480 for them. A lot of us bought them to see Bobby play, but he's not playing. It's like seeing a Broadway show when the star is out sick. But the Wirtzes don't seem to care. The club finished in last place last year, they raise ticket prices and the stadium is still sold out. They've got us over a barrel and they know it. If I don't buy my tickets, somebody else will gladly pick them up."

"I'm not going to lead any cheers for the Wirtzes," says another Standby, Glen Beaver, "but I don't think Bobby comes out of this looking too good, either. Bobby is one helluva guy, we all know that. He's a big star. I'm a lowly fan—why does he have to do anything for me? But I can imagine how his teammates must feel. I got up early in the morning a lot of times to play hockey myself, and I know how much effort it takes to play the game. You watch our guys in training camp. It's drudgery, pure drudgery. They hate training camp. Where was Bobby during training camp? Up in Canada on his farm, or out somewhere buying cattle. That has to grind on the guys a little bit. I know I'd wonder about it. Stan Mikita is in training

camp every year, and so are Gordie Howe and Jean Beliveau. Big star or no big star, a guy belongs in camp with his team. But Bobby's out in the boardwalks buying cattle."

And the discussion goes on. "You're right," says Chris Czurylo, "but there's really never been a star in hockey like Bobby. All you have to do is watch the people. Whatever it takes to turn them on, he's got it. Remember last spring when he was doing color on TV during the playoffs? In one game in Boston he had to go down through the crowd to get to the locker room, and when the crowd saw him they went wild. Those people stood up and must have cheered him for five minutes. And I remember one trip we made with the team to Toronto. Those Toronto fans are so sophisticated, so composed, you'd think nothing in the world could turn them on. Well, after the game I was standing outside where our players come out, and when Bobby came out all I heard was Toronto fans whispering to each other, 'There, there he is. That's Bobby. That's Bobby Hull.' You'd have thought they were seeing a god."

"Let's face it," says Charley Wilson, president of the Standbys. "There's a Bobby Hull clique, a Stan Mikita clique and an antistar clique. It's just like it is up in the seats. You either love Bobby or you love Stan or you wish the Hawks were more of a team than a bunch of individuals. Personally, I happen to think Stan is a better all-round player than Bobby—and Bobby knows it."

At home in Canada, the absentee star is concerned about his public image. "It's bothered me lately," he says, "wondering what people are saying and thinking about me. That's a big reason I want to come back, just to show everybody that I'm not just some ungrateful heel trying to squeeze out every dime that I can. I'm a farmer at heart. I love cattle and farming. But I'm the first one to admit that hockey has been the means through which I've acquired everything I own. It's not easy, you know, watching the season open and your club going badly. I feel a little like I let the side down."

He has three years to go on that contract and he intends to play those years. But then he will stop and take a long look at his situation.

"I don't want to play hockey any longer than I have to," he says. "My trip out west last week, if anything, just reaffirmed some beliefs I've had all along. I'm relaxed on farms and in the small towns. I like the people and I don't bump into so many phones. I don't want people to think I'm ungrateful or anything, but I'm really a small-town guy."

As the week ended, Hull's lawyer was due back from a business trip to Greece to confer with Bobby. The Wirtzes were keeping mum in Chicago but undoubtedly were aware of Hull's less militant stance, and a settlement seemed on the way.

AND



DENNIS HULL joined the clamor for Bobby's return and even offered a unique solution.



All the big money was on the red

Led by an Irish import named Country Support in a kind of canine Kansas Relays, greyhounds had the rabbits running wild as the dogs scooted over a couraing park at Abilene for the U.S. Challenge Cup

The bettors, decked out in Big Mac Sanforized overalls, perched along the wire fence. They were drinking Coors beer from cans, waving 10s and fives and ones and dealing fast. "I'll give 2-to-1," one of them hollered, "gon' be red when you look at the light. You got a white collar, you just sunk."

Now two sleek greyhounds flowed like laser beams down the middle of a quarter-mile field. Within 15 seconds they had closed on a fleeing jackrabbit, whose 80-yard head start had dwindled to five and whose great ears were now pinned to its sides as it attempted to reach the sanctuary of a far fence. Round and round they went, the rabbit gaining a momentary edge with 90° turns, the swifter dogs casing out of a slide on the wet grass and again gathering momentum until the rabbit, a pulsebeat away from oblivion, finally thrust itself beneath the waiting barrier. Today, at least, it would not join its slower mates, who were now rotting in bins with discarded beer bottles—a Kafkaesque setting where flies proved the ultimate victors.

A red beam flashed atop what was once an Abilene traffic light, signifying that the red-collared dog had won under the sport's complicated point system. Phyllis Bandy of Kountze, Texas, who started playing hooky when she was 9 to come to these coursing meetings, was pocketing a few bucks. Fred Scogins, loser of \$1,354 on a single race the day before, was now close to breaking even on the red. And Jack Roche, a former St. Louis Cardinal catcher who names most of his dogs after his fa-

vorite hallplayers, was readying Glenn Beckert for a match against Orange Doll.

Yes, Glenn Beckert has raced in Abilene, as have Norm Cash, Bob Gibson, Jerry Koosman, Bill Freehan and even Buzze Bavasi. They show up twice a year with Roche, making the pilgrimage from Aloha, Ore. All of Roche's friends are there, too: red-faced oldtimers from Miami, Waco and Chicago. And they lay down a few side bets and talk dogs as they have every year since 1934 and maybe get royally smashed in the Gaslight Club at the Trail's End Motel.

Not since Wild Bill Hickok roamed the streets as marshal has this prairie town known similar old-fashioned revelry. Such happenings occur every April and October, when the National Coursing Association brings many of its 3,000 greyhound owners together. For more than a week 600 dogs run in five single-elimination stakes, with the top prize money in the autumn U.S. Challenge Cup reaching \$3,000 and side bets sometimes running as high.

Coursing, which may date back to the Egyptians, was the first American sport, or so claims an intense follower of the game, F. B. (Happy) Stutz. "The early settlers brought their greyhounds over from the British Isles," says Happy. "Coursing was their recreation on week-ends. They chased live rabbits just like we do now." The first official championship was held at Cheyenne Bottoms, just north of Great Bend, Kans., in 1886. Kansas, where jackrabbits are plentiful—and a nuisance—soon became the coursing capital, with dog owners pitch-

ing tents in Junction City, Newton and Chanute before deciding to transform an Abilene wheat field half a mile from the end of the Chisholm Trail into a permanent home in 1934.

They could hardly have picked a more prosperous location. Abilene, which used to have more saloons than all other businesses combined, now has more banks than taverns—8,000 citizens currently push \$28 million into those tills. Much of that wealth comes from the 40-some kennel owners who, beside making Kansas the largest greyhound breeding center in the country, provide lodging for the dogs at each NCA meeting. Some of the tourist trade from the Eisenhower Center, which has had almost 20,000 visitors a week since the 34th President was buried there in April, also finds its way down to the coursing grounds. So coursing veterans have moved from tents to motels, and today the NCA operates on an annual budget of \$175,000, overseeing the Greyhound Hall of Fame and a 35-acre layout with a commissioner and five other full-time employees. Despite the surface prosperity, even the sport's elder citizens concede that interest may be on the wane. "The younger generation is not as fascinated with it as we were," says Happy Stutz. "It's sort of like bowling on the green; it's been around for so many years. But I'm afraid of what's going to happen. We may be living in the past."

More and more, coursing is serving as a mere training ground for the multimillion-dollar Florida dog-racing business, the pari-mutuel version of the sport

in which mechanized rabbits are used. It is precisely coursing's use of live rabbits that may spell the sport's demise. Perhaps 25%—on a muddy field as high as 50%—of the jackrabbits are caught and killed. To the uninitiated the sight of a mangled rabbit is not a pretty one. The ASPCA, as well as such public figures as Dr. Karl Menninger of the Topeka, Kans., mental health clinic, have attempted to clamp down on the NCA. But the dog owners' rationale is that the rabbits are classed as rodents and are a constant menace to the Kansas farmer.

"People think this is cruel, but I wonder if they've ever seen a jackrabbit drive where they drive them into a net; stand around and beat them with clubs until they've killed a couple of thousand," says Park Supervisor Duck Helvey. "They can't shoot them because there are too many people standing around watching—now that's cruel."

"A rabbit will go right down a row of corn and cut every one down to get moisture out of the stalk," says Bill Janneck of the NCA executive committee. "Seven rabbits will eat what one cow will. The farmers are real glad to see us coming." So, to coursing enthusiasts, any decline in the rabbit population is justifiable homicide. Besides, it's the dogs they want to talk about—and at the fall championships there were some good ones.

It seemed only fitting that an Irish import should win the Challenge Cup prize last week, since Ireland remains the world's premier coursing center, with more than 110 parks. When a group of American dog speculators journeyed to the Irish Coursing Derby in Limerick last February, Walter Ewalt of Augusta, Kans. instructed his brother Bill to "pick up a dog with speed so I can cross him with some of mine."

Ewalt liked Country Support, a 2-year-old that finished fourth out of 64 in the coveted Irish stakes. And, as luck would have it, the widow of Ireland's former minister of education was willing to let all of her late husband's dogs go. Country Support was purchased for \$500 and shipped to the States. "If she hadn't wanted to get rid of the dogs, Ewalt couldn't have got him at any price," says NCA President Clyde Lemon.

Country Support did not miss stride on his ocean crossing. He settled down

on Walt Ewalt's 160-acre spread in Augusta, and Walt began schooling the dog for eventual delivery to his brother at Hialeah. This partnership has been operating since 1920. Walt training and Bill racing. Walt figured Country Support was a winner and, adhering to his theory that a top coursing dog will eventually make a top racing dog, brought him to Ahilene where he promptly sped past four opponents and into the Challenge Cup finals.

Now the biggest chase of all was just an hour away, and in a dimly lit barn a quarter mile from the track Walt was giving Country Support a last-minute going-over. The dog was plainly nervous. A muscular, well-proportioned animal that looked bigger than his 67 pounds, he was anxious to get into the open field, where his trim white-and-brindled coat would become a mere blur of speed, a 40-mph wisp of muscle.

When the call for the finals came, Ewalt, in faded blue coveralls, led Country Support, wearing the red collar, out of the paddock and toward the starting gate, where the import and a fawn-colored dog named Isotta were meshed into a black harness. Duck Helvey took his stick and nudged the rabbit toward the front of a pen. Out it sprang, a prisoner of destiny.

The dogs followed, churning the turf. Country Support moved one length ahead, then two, gaining a point for each length. By forcing the rabbit into a pair of turns he earned two more points. When the rabbit finally slid beneath the fence, 30 seconds after release, Country Support was a 4-0 winner. Not for nothing had Commissioner Norman McAsey praised the dog for "the smoothest leg action I've ever seen on a coursing track."

Walt Ewalt rested by the paddock savoring success. "He broke good this time," Ewalt said. "He showed a little speed a time or two. Guess my brother will be wantin' him on the first track out to Florida next week."

Ewalt's winnings, all of which will go back into his dog operation, came to \$3,000 in stakes money, \$675 more on a Cakutta pool and "a couple side bets, too." He grinned, and glanced at the fence, where the Coors cans still popped, the oldtimers still tucked their hands in their overalls and there was lots of talk about winning with the red.

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Going after a tie at Laurel

The U.S. should even the score against foreign representatives in the International, thanks to a big bay who has only lived here a year

After 17 runnings of John Schapiro's Washington, D.C. International, that \$150,000 mile-and-a-half turf extravaganza at Laurel, the representatives of the U.S. are still trailing foreign entrants by one victory. The score is 9-8, but it will be surprising indeed if it isn't evened this Nov. 11 when the American colors will be carried by a sensational 5-year-old named Hawaii.

Admittedly, you could argue about the score even if he wins, because Hawaii is a South African-bred grass specialist, by an Italian sire, and he will be ridden by a Panamanian jockey. But he

is trained by a genuine American horseman from Versailles, Ky. And he is owned by Industrialist Charles Engelhard, who is equally at home in Dark Harbor, Me. or South Africa or on a Canadian salmon river (\$4, April 28). In any case, that ought to be international enough for John Schapiro.

Lining up with Hawaii on the U.S. team will be the handicap star Nodouble, who can beat almost anything around on dirt except Aris and Letters, to whom he bowed once more in last week's two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup, but who was fourth the only time in his

35-race career that he attempted the switch to turf. "Oh, he'll run over it all right," says Owner Gene Goff, optimistically. "If he gets beat it'll be because of the tight turns at Laurel, which always put a long-striding horse to a disadvantage." On the contrary—if Nodouble is beaten by Hawaii or any of the visiting runners it will be because he is taking on horses who have done virtually all of their racing on grass.

Among those flying in to Laurel is England's Karabas, a 4-year-old son of Worden II and the Tantieme mare Fair Share. Trainer Bernard van Cutsem is sending Karabas, winner of his last five starts, as deputy for the star of his stable, the fine mare Park Top, who has tailed off after being somewhat of an unlucky loser in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. From France will come the Arc's third-place finisher, Grandeur, and the French Derby winner, Goodly. Italy's Hogarth, Germany's Hitchcock, Brazil's Sabius and Japan's Takeshiba-O (who finished last at Laurel a year ago) appear to be overmatched in this company.

The truth is, they may all be overmatched if Hawaii performs the way Engelhard, Trainer Mackenzie Miller and Jockey Jorge Velasquez expect him to. "He's certainly the best horse I've ever had anything to do with," says Miller, who only a few years ago developed Assagai into one of the country's top turf horses. "Laurel favors a speed horse who can go on, and Hawaii has the speed to do anything. He can accelerate faster than any horse I've ever seen."

A year ago it seemed that Hawaii might accelerate into oblivion after a brilliant career in South Africa, where he won 15 of 18 races. Engelhard knew he had a good one in this beautiful 16-hands two-inch son of Utrillo II but wanted to prove it by bringing him to America to face stiffer competition. Arriving last fall, Hawaii was forced to spend 60 days in a quarantine stall without even being allowed to walk around the shed. When he came out, says Miller, "he looked like a milk-wagon horse, and it took him months to respond." The response was eventually rewarding, for Hawaii has won six of his nine U.S. races, including the United Nations and the Man o' War.

"The way Hawaii is going right now," says Miller, "he's got to be the horse to beat at Laurel."

END



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A Javelin for the track.

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Which brings us to the Javelin on the opposite page.

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American Motors



The girls bid it right

The death of Helen Sobel Smith leaves no clear-cut heiress to the title of best American woman player. Edith Kemp, Margaret Wagar and a few others who were more or less Helen's contemporaries would win some votes from the Establishment. Mary Jane Farrell currently leads the ladies in the department of master points, and she will soon attain the remarkable 10,000 level, which was first reached by Oswald Jacoby. But Mrs. Farrell is closely pressed and may soon be passed by Hermine Baron.

In any case, the top female star of

the future—if not of today—is likely to be found among the six women who this year went farther in the tough Spingold knockout team competition in Los Angeles than any other all-woman team in history. They curtsied out in the quarter-finals by the narrow margin of four international match points in a match against the star-studded Ira Rubin team that went on to meet the Dallas Aces in the finals.

The ladies' sixsome was captained by Dorothy Hayden of Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., who has enjoyed considerable success in recent national and international events—though the captaincy is often an honor that rotates when a team includes a good many stars of almost equal rank. In addition to Mrs. Farrell and Mrs. Hayden, the team included Peggy Solomon of Philadelphia, Emma Jean Hawes of Fort Worth, Marilyn Johnson of Oakland, Calif. and Jacqui Mitchell of New York. Jacqui's presence on the team necessitated some juggling in the Rubin match, since her husband,

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	10 9 4	♠	8 6 5
♥	K 9 2 4	♥	Q J 10 2
♦	Q 7 2	♦	J 9 4 3
♣	K 9 4	♣	A 6
WEST		SOUTH	
♠	Q J 7 3 2	♠	A K
♥	3	♥	A 8 6 5
♦	K 10 8 6 5	♦	A
♣	5 2	♣	A Q J 10 7 3

Victor, was on the Rubin team, playing with Sam Stayman, and the Mitchells prefer not to play directly against one another, an idea I most heartily recommend to other married couples who may encounter one another on opposite sides of a team match.

This team of women might have won the Spingold, or at least reached the semi-finals, but for a combination of bad luck and an unfortunate guess on this small-



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slam hand that produced a 21 IMP swing in favor of Rubin.

When Rubin-Westheimer held the North-South hands they got all the way to four hearts on the kind of conservative bidding one might rather expect of the women:

NORTH (Rubin)	WEST (Westheimer)	NORTH (Rubin)	EAST (Westheimer)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS		

Because the heart suit split 4-1, declarer lost two trump tricks. Nevertheless the Rubin team scored +450. At the other table, however, the girls reached a superior contract.

NORTH (Rubin)	WEST (Westheimer)	NORTH (Rubin)	EAST (Westheimer)
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS		

Optimal final: 3 of hearts

Recognizing the possibility that the heart lead might be a singleton, declarer ducked in dummy and won East's 10 with the ace. Next she cashed all six clubs and the ace of spades, leaving this situation:

WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ Q J 7	♥ K 9 7	♥ Q J 2
♦ K 10	♦ Q 7	♦ J 9
	SOUTH	
	♠ A	
	♥ A 6 5	
	♦ A	

Declarer had reached the moment of truth. She had to guess which card—the king of spades or the diamond ace—would force East to make a fatal discard. Unfortunately, she chose to cash the diamond first. When the king of spades was next cashed, East was able to discard a heart and two tricks had to be lost. But see what happens if South elects to first cash the spade king, discarding dummy's diamond 7. If East discards a heart, declarer simply surrenders a heart trick, holding the ace of diamonds as reentry. If East discards the diamond instead, declarer cashes the ace of diamonds, plays a heart and ducks it to East, who must surrender the last two tricks by leading a heart into dummy's king-9. Instead of losing 11 IMPs, the girls would have gained 10 and won the match.

END

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by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The waters of the Hudson River are not as murky to Ace Lent as they are to most people. He can see a lot of caviar swimming around down there in the bellies of sturgeon

It would be understatement to term the town of Verplanck, N.Y. picturesque. It is by turns beautiful and scarred, but almost always fascinating. It is a cross between Cannery Row and an undiscovered Williamsburg. It sits out in the Hudson River 30 miles from New York City on a long peninsula, Verplanck Point. The main line of the Penn Central cuts inland, and the Point is one of the few places on the east shore not girded by railroad tracks. Most of the houses are of sturdy red brick, which came from local clay pits worked during the 19th century. Spacious boulevards out of a surrealist dream offer sweeping vistas of the Hudson and the mothball fleet off Dunderberg Mountain, and down by the river at Steamboat Dock are brick tenements out of an O'Casey play. Ace Lent, a commercial fisherman who has fished the river all his life like his father and grandfather before him, lives in the first of these, on the second floor rear. He fishes most of the year for shad, alewives, stripers, eels, catfish—and sturgeon. Ace is a big man, 6' even and 240 pounds, looking as unlike royalty as any of us, but Ace Lent may one day be the caviar king of the Hudson. Ace has a regular job, too, as a guard at the state armory in Peekskill, 10 miles upriver, but the Hudson is his passion, his Moby Dick, his Holy Grail.



In the morning before going to work at the armory, he takes his boat a quarter of a mile upriver to the quarry and puts the net overboard. As the net drifts downstream, on an ebb tide, the floats on top shake and dance when an alewife swims into it. "There's nothing like an early-morning drift on the river," Ace says. "Just me in the boat drifting with the net, the water glassy-smooth." In a 20-minute drift to Steamboat Dock, Ace may net as many as 200 fat alewives bearing roe on a May morning. He cleverly made the mesh of the net wide enough for the shinner bucks to pass through. There is no market at all for buck alewives, and as yet Ace has little call for the roes, but he is trying to create a demand for them by giving the fish to friends. The roe of a female alewife is only a quarter as large as that of a shad, but it is finer-grained and has a more delicate

taste. On occasion Ace will set a trotline—a long line with hooks—for catfish, and when he does he uses a chunk of alewife as bait. "Those catfish go crazy over the herring," he says. "Why, by the time I'm halfway out still putting on bait the line I've already put in the water is bouncing up and down loaded with catfish."

Ace occasionally gets a call for eels before Italian feast days, and eels have been dubbed, in Verplanck vernacular, "Eyetail turkeys." Eels are a nuisance for Ace to

continued

Paintings by Thomas B. Allen



UNCROWNED KING OF CAVIAR



catch. He has to make his own eelpots out of wire mesh, and state law requires that an irksome 50¢ license fee be paid for each pot, which is like charging for swatting flies. Then again, teenagers out on the river in boats find it amusing to take an eelpot out of the water and remove the captives. "The hell with all that trouble," Ace says. He prefers to catch eels by bobbing for them. He sews a couple of hundred earthworms into a ball with a fine thread and lowers the gob to the bottom on the end of a line. When an eel strikes, the line is quickly retrieved, and the greedy eel does not let go of the ball of worms until he is in the boat. "That's a lot of fun," Ace says.

The only argument I ever had with Ace was about eels. He was telling me about the millions of inch-long "glass" eels that swarm in the river in the spring by the outlet from Lake Mohagah. "I wonder where they come from?" he asked. I told him that eels spawned in the Sargasso Sea and that the larvae were carried north by the Gulf Stream. When the larvae developed into the glass stage they were able to fend for themselves, and they then headed inshore for coastal rivers. Ace refused to believe this, and he would not change his mind when shown a couple of books on the subject. He said, "I can't believe that that many little eels could come all the way up here from down there."

"It's true, Ace."

"I don't believe it, no sireee. Can't be."

"But it is."

"It can't be," he said with finality. "I know there are a lot of strange things going on, but I can't believe this. I just don't think it's so. The whole thing sounds crazy."

I let the matter drop, and went on asking Ace about sturgeon.

Sturgeon fascinate Ace. There are two species in the Hudson, the sea sturgeon (*Acipenser oxyrinchus*) and the short-nosed or round-nosed sturgeon (*A. brevirostrum*), and there are times when the Hudson off Verplanck seems alive with the fish. For unknown reasons sturgeon will suddenly leap from the river, falling back with a loud splash. Ace has his best sturgeon fishing in the late fall and early winter, just before the ice comes. The fish are more active in colder weather and, as Ace says, the rougher the weather the better, because "a good blow seems to put the fish on the move."

I well remember the first time I went out with Ace and his cousin Spitz to haul a sturgeon net. It was a cold and windy December day a week or so before Christmas. The net was set about a mile from Verplanck in the deep hole off Stony Point, where the bottom is 99 feet down. A 20-knot wind was blowing from the northwest as we started off, and water soon slopped over the ribs of the 18-foot boat. "A good day for sturgeon," Ace said. Up forward, Spitz crouched, searching for the floating bottles



that marked the position of the net in the breaking whitecaps. It is no use pretending that the Hudson River is the Grand Banks in a nor'easter or a surging

tropic sea stung by a typhoon, but Haverstraw Bay can get nasty. Water soaked my neck and trickled down my back. Pneumonia seemed imminent. Even my hands, thrust deep into my overcoat pockets, were soaked. My overcoat was wool, and I tried to tell myself that wool warms and cotton chills, but this textbook thought did little good. I was wet and cold. Ace and Spitz were dry and comfortable in oilskin slickers.

The ebbing tide had not yet finished its run, and we circled about the bobbing Clorox bottles for half an hour waiting for slack water. The tug of the tide is so strong in either direction that hauls have to be made on the slack. At last the ebb ceased, and Ace moved up forward with Spitz to grab a line and pull the net from below. "We've got sturgeon, a lot of them!" Ace yelled. He could tell, because there were bubbles on the water between the whitecaps; sturgeon are the only fish in the river that emit bubbles as they come up in the net.

Most of the fish in the net were sea sturgeon between 20 and 50 inches long. The legal size is 30 inches. Writhing in the net, they were especially primitive in appearance. Indeed, they might be called living fossils, for they are among the oldest fish species on the earth. They have long, leathery snouts on the front of the head, while the bottom part is soft and white, with a vacuum-cleaner-type mouth that can hang down like the sleeve on an old coat. The eyes are small and glistening, like threatening peas, and the hard body is almost crocodilian, armed with five longitudinal rows of sharp shields, or scutes. Ace and Spitz had a time of it extricating the fish from the net because the scutes caught and fouled the mesh. Mixed in with the sea sturgeon were short-nosed or round-nosed sturgeon, legal keepers at 20 inches.

Ace and Spitz threw the shorts of both species back into the water, but the legal-sized fish began piling up in the boat in such numbers that I started stacking them around me like cordwood to ward off the wind. By the time Ace and Spitz had finished, I was literally up to my neck in sturgeon. At last we chugged back to shore, Ace and Spitz carried bushel baskets of the fish to the shack in back, where a noose was affixed to a stout pole. As Spitz handed Ace a sturgeon, he hung it from the noose by the tail, then stuck a knife behind the dorsal row of scutes near the tail and sliced downward. Instantly the first row of scutes was cut off. Deftly turning the fish from side to

This article is part of a book, "The Hudson River, a Natural and Unnatural History," by Robert H. Boyle, to be published this month by W. W. Norton.

side. Ace skinned it completely in no more than a minute. He gutted the carcass and chopped off the head. The final touch was to remove the gelatinous cord inside the spine. If left in the fish when cooked the cord imparts too strong a flavor. Ace gently notched the skin around the tail, being careful not to cut through the spine. He then gave the tail a few twists to the right, tugged and then pulled the tail and the attached cord from the fish. The only innards that he kept were the black egg sacs from ripe round-nosed females. These Spitz took. In Russia the cords are washed, pressed, dried and put up for sale as *vazizga*, an ingredient of fish pie. The Russians also use the inner lining of the swim bladder to make glue or gelatine. In the 19th century the lining was used in Russia and the U.S. for singlass. In Russia *golovizna*, the head of the sturgeon, rich in gelatinous substance, is sold as food. I never had the courage or desire to try either *golovizna* or *vazizga*, but once had the dandy idea of making bootlaces from the spinal cords. I squeezed out the gelatinous substance from the cords, carefully scissored them into long strips and hung them up to dry. Two days later I took them down and began lacing a pair of boots. Unfortunately, the cord strips snapped every time they were turned through an eyelet. When I told Ace about my experiment he just stared.



After that first trip out with Ace and Spitz, I became very much interested in the two species of sturgeon in the Hudson. The more common of the two is the sea sturgeon, which originally ranged from Florida north to Canada. In early 1967, after the passage of the Endangered Species Preservation Act by Congress, the Interior Department classified the sea sturgeon as rare in the U.S. "Rare" is officially defined as meaning that the species "is in such small numbers throughout its range that it may be endangered if its environment worsens. Close watch of its status is necessary." The sea sturgeon may be rare elsewhere on the Coast, but in the lower Hudson it is abundant, and New York State has no closed season or catch limit on the fish. Little is known about certain aspects of its life history. From information that is available, it appears that sea sturgeon hatched in the Hudson remain in the river until they are about eight or nine years old and have grown to a length of from three to four feet. These are the hulk of the fish that Ace catches. To Ace and other river fishermen, these juvenile sturgeon are known as "pelicans" or "peelcans." The pelicans apparently feed on small catfish and killies, on bottom invertebrates such as shrimps, chironomid and dragonfly larvae, *Aeoller communis*, the aquatic cousin of the sow bug that is found on land under logs, and on small clams. The Hudson is rich in such provender.

At present there is no sport fishing for sturgeon in the Hudson, but Ace has caught them on a trotline, the hooks of which he baited with live killies. In view of the great number of sturgeon in the Hudson, particularly in the ship channel in Haverstraw Bay, an excellent sport fishery potential exists. Sport fisheries for sturgeon have been started on the West Coast and in Florida, among other places, and there is no reason why the Hudson could not boast one of its own.

After reaching eight or nine years of age, the sea sturgeon move out to the Atlantic, probably venturing to the edge of the continental shelf. They have been taken off the Long Island and Jersey coasts, on Nantucket Shoals and Georges Bank and in the Gulf of Maine. In the Atlantic sea sturgeon grow at a rapid rate, and after maturing they return to coastal rivers to spawn. One unspent male, taken in the Hudson in 1936, measured seven feet four inches long, weighed 176 pounds and was 12 years old. Sea sturgeon are supposed to live to a fairly advanced age, but exactly how advanced no one knows because little research has been done. Moreover, determining the age of a sturgeon is rather involved. Many species of fish, such as largemouth bass or striped bass can be aged by their scales, which show annual growth marks much like the rings in a tree trunk. But the scales of the sturgeon do not show growth marks. Instead, biologists must dissect the ear stones, or otoliths, from the sacculus of the internal ear, and then only after much delicate sawing and grinding can they determine the age through microscopic examination of a cross section.

Mature sea sturgeon enter the Hudson to spawn probably in late April, certainly in May and June and possibly in July. Precisely where they spawn is unknown. A guess is that they spawn from Peekskill north to Cossackie or Castleton. In 1878 Seth Green, the fish culturist who first earned shad from the Hudson to California, artificially propagated sturgeon with eggs and malt taken from fish captured near the mouth of Wappinger Creek. There is no doubt that in the late spring and early summer mature sea sturgeon are in the Hudson in considerable numbers. The evidence for this is obvious. First of all, there are the countless juveniles in the river, and you get small sturgeon only from big sturgeon. Secondly, it is not unusual to see the big fish leaping from the water. In June 1968, while flying by helicopter from Croton to New York City, Ronald Dagon, a fish biologist, saw sturgeon schooling heavily near the mouth of the Croton River. Dagon said the sturgeon were in the thousands, "some up to six feet long." On occasion the big sturgeon will hit a shad net. The strands of a shad net are not strong enough to contain these powerful fish, and they punch through like a torpedo smashing into a ship.

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Ace has had several run-ins with large sturgeon. One incident occurred on May 2, 1966, when he went out to lift his shad net off Stony Point. As he pulled and grunted, the net slowly came to the surface, and there was a monstrous sturgeon. Ace took a good long look at it. The fish had rolled itself into the net and, Ace said later, "It was three-quarters the length of the boat," which meant that the fish was 12 feet long and probably weighed in the neighborhood of 500 or 600 pounds. Ace sat down on the middle seat and pondered what to do next. The sturgeon was quiet; perhaps it had exhausted itself battling the net. Reaching overboard, Ace decided to boost the fish by grabbing it above the tail. He had no sooner put both hands on the sturgeon than it immediately came to life and thrashed wildly. Ace hung on, but then the fish decided to dive, and as it did it lifted Ace, no lightweight, straight up from his seat and into the air. Ace let go and, with a resounding splat, the sturgeon broke free of the net and escaped. All atremble, Ace came back to shore, where his father told him, "You were damn lucky you didn't get him into the boat. He'd have sunk it and drowned you."

Almost a year later to the day, on May 4, 1967, Ace saw another big sturgeon in the river. This one was floating on the surface, and it was dead. Part of the back and tail had been sheared off, most likely by a ship's propeller. Ace slipped a hawser around the fish, towed it into the beach and phoned me to come over to the Point to see it. Before running into the ship the sturgeon must have been seven feet long. A plump female, it weighed, by a rough estimate, between 175 and 225 pounds and contained from 50 to 100 pounds of golden-brown eggs. After the fish was photographed, Ace towed the sturgeon back out into the river, where, no doubt, eels and catfish polished off the remains.

Even less is known about the life history of the round-nosed sturgeon. The Interior Department has classified this species as endangered, the same status given to the whooping crane. An endangered species is "one whose prospects of survival and reproduction are in immediate jeopardy. Its peril may result from one or many causes—loss of habitat or change in habitat, overexploitation, predation,



competition, disease. An endangered species must have help, or extinction will probably follow." Originally the round-nosed sturgeon ranged in rivers from

Florida to New Brunswick. It was found nowhere else in the world. According to the Interior Department, all recent catches, except for one Florida specimen, have been from the Hudson River. "The species is gone in most of the rivers of its former range," states an Interior report, *Rare and Endangered Fish and Wildlife of the United States*: "[it] is probably not yet extinct."

Ace laughed when he heard this. He is not one to mock an endangered species, but the round-nosed sturgeon is far from an unusual fish in the Hudson. The state allows round-nosed to be taken from July 1 to April 30, supposedly the beginning of the spawning season. Although the round-nosed has been caught at sea, the fish apparently spends all its life in the river and ordinarily does not go into the Atlantic. The smallest of all the species of sturgeon in the world, round-nosed males mature when only 19 or 20 inches long and females at about 24 inches.

According to Bigelow and Schroeder's authoritative *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, the heaviest round-nosed on record weighed seven pounds four ounces. In a more recent study Vadim D. Vladikov and John R. Greeley give the maximum weight as "about nine pounds." However, Ace and Charlie White have taken these fish weighing up to 25 or 30 pounds. Unfortunately, people at Verplanck Point

put such a high gourmet value on the large round-nosed that I have had difficulty procuring a record fish to give to the American Museum of Natural History. Once Ace promised me a 20-pounder, but when I went over to get it he said: "So-and-so ate it. He came in, saw the fish and bought it. How could I have turned him down?" The same thing happened with a 15-pounder. The Pointers go on eating supposedly endangered fish of world-record size. When Ace finally understood the importance of a record round-nosed, he promised he would save the next one. This produced an 11-pound four-ounce specimen for the museum. It was a female and contained 44 ounces of eggs. I gave the fish to neighbor Ron Dagon, who has a large freezer, for safekeeping. Alas, Dagon lost



the key to the freezer, and the museum has yet to get its record fish.

During the colder months, female round-nosed sturgeon contain eggs that can be made into caviar. Whenever Spitz isn't around, Ace has been kind enough to give them to me. At first I was faced with the problem of preparing caviar properly, and a Croton acquaintance, Dr. Dan Salzberg, joined in the quest for informative how-to-do-it literature. Such literature proved to be lacking, aside from 19th-century reports on taking 100 pounds of caviar and letting it sit in its own brine of fine-grained Lüneburg salt from Germany. Salzberg found a book in the New York Public Library with the title *Caviar*, but it turned out to be a dreary novel about some high-living Middle Europeans in the 1920s, and it had nothing whatsoever to do with caviar. As is his bent, Salzberg read it and insisted upon telling me the plot one evening. Finally we chanced upon the printed advice of General Malcolm Beyer, the chairman of Iron Gate Products Company in Manhattan, the gourmet foods affiliate of "21". Beyer, a retired Marine brigadier general, is the largest single American purchaser of caviar from the Soviet Union, and his instructions for making caviar are to be found in that estimable work, *McClain's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia and International Angling Guide*.

Following the general's instructions, Salzberg and I remove the egg sacs from the fish and place them on very fine mesh from a minnow seine stretched across a bowl and held in place by a rubber band. We gently rub the sacs back and forth across the mesh. The tissues adhere to the mesh, while the eggs separate and fall into the bowl. The eggs are carefully stirred and rinsed in cold tap water four or five times. After the final rinsing and draining, we have a bowlful of glistening, pearly black eggs. We place the eggs in a colander and allow them to drain for no longer than 10 minutes. We slide the eggs back into the bowl, which has been wiped dry. We add 3½ salt by volume to the eggs, mixing in the salt gently with a cake spatula. We then ladle the eggs into small sterilized glass jars until the jars are filled to the brim. The jars are capped and placed in the refrigerator. A week later the caviar is ready, and it can be kept for up to six months. On no account should caviar be placed in a freezer; freezing will cause the eggs to burst. The caviar from the round-nosed sturgeon is of excellent quality. I gave a jarful to General Beyer, and, to quote Hamlet, "twas caviare to the general." He pronounced it equal to the best *avuga* caviar from the Soviet Union, and he offered to buy any round-nosed caviar available at the wholesale price of \$10 a pound.

Pointers themselves are very fond of cooking skinned



sea sturgeon, which has a strong taste uniquely its own. The round-nosed, a naturally oilier fish, is even stronger.

Properly prepared, either kind of sturgeon can be excellent. In appearance and flavor both are more like turkey than fish. Because of the strong flavor, many Pointers parboil or marinate their fish, cut it into steaks and sauté it.

Frankly, I do not care for sturgeon, either round-nosed or pelican, as a dinner dish. However, I do like smoked sturgeon. I buy the fish from Ace and take them to Ralph Mann, a carpenter and jazz musician in Croton, who smokes them over applewood gathered from abandoned orchards.

Many persons, ichthyologists included, have been flabbergasted by the abundance of sturgeon in the Hudson. A couple of years ago Biologist John Clark asked me to collect some live striped bass from the Hudson for the U.S. Marine Laboratory at Sandy Hook. I did this with Seth Rosenbaum, a New York City systems engineer. Following Clark's arrangements, Seth took off for the New York Aquarium at Coney Island with three striped bass swimming around in a container on the front seat of his aging convertible. An air hose plugged into the cigarette lighter assured the fish of a supply of oxygen. As an added treat for Clark, we had added a few small sea sturgeon to the container. The New York Aquarium was in hold the stripers for Clark in a temporary tank until he could get over from Sandy Hook to pick them up.

When Seth roared up to the aquarium he asked Charlie Young, the keeper, the whereabouts of the holding tank. In an offhand fashion Young pointed to the tank, and Seth dumped in the fish. Young did a double take when he saw the sturgeon. "Where did you get those?" he asked. "Up the Hudson," Seth replied airily. A day later I had a call from Young, and not long afterward he and Eddie Dols were up to see Ace at the Point. Every once in a while, Young and Dols explained, the aquarium got the chance to pick up a six- or seven-foot-long sea sturgeon from the pound nets off Long Island and the Jersey coast. Although such fish were of interest to the aquarium, they took up a lot of space in an exhibit tank. On the other hand, Young and Dols went on, small sea sturgeon were rantes. In fact, aquariums all over the world wanted them. The small sturgeon did not take up much space, and they were genuine showstoppers for the viewing public. Surplus juvenile sturgeon were also excellent for trading with other aquariums. In fact, an aquarium that had an assured supply, a lock on the market, if you will, was in the position of a major league baseball club that had an unlimited number of Willie Mayses down on the farm teams. Ace was happy to help and he got to work. The New York Aquarium has a scientific license allowing it to collect fish of less than legal size, and

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under this permit Ace supplied Young and Dols with a dozen sea sturgeon, some as short as nine inches. Several of them are on exhibit at Coney Island, while the rest have been air-expressed to various other aquariums around the country.

At one time I kept a 14-inch pelican in my living room aquarium. For the most part the fish swam counterclockwise around the tank, sporadically sticking its snout out of the water. Afraid that the sturgeon would electrocute itself on the light wires above, I lowered the water level several inches. Unfortunately, I could not get the fish to feed, and after two months it died. In public aquariums sea sturgeon thrive in a tank of 30,000 gallons or more on a diet of cut shrimp and baitfish. So far, the brass of the New York Aquarium have been uninterested in keeping round-nosed sturgeon from the Hudson. None of this species has ever been kept in captivity anywhere, so far as I know, and their confinement would mark a first. Surely their presence in a tank of sufficient size would contribute considerable knowledge to their feeding habits and behavior. It might even be possible to induce the round-nosed to spawn in captivity, and, considering the rarity of this species elsewhere along the coast, such an event might do much toward relieving its endangered status.

In view of the lack of knowledge about sturgeon, fishery biologists are very much interested in getting freshly preserved specimens for taxonomic study. Several years ago while on a trip to Miami, I was asked for specimens by George Miller of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries Tropical Atlantic Biological Laboratory. Miller said

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that Jim Atz at the American Museum of Natural History would arrange for shipment to Miami. After returning home I collected 15 small sea sturgeon

and phoned Dr. Atz, whom I had yet to meet in person, and he said to come on down. I drove to the museum with the fish frozen in a large plastic bag. After wending my way through labyrinths of dinosaurs and Pleistocene elk, I found the Department of Ichthyology, where a secretary directed me to Atz's office. As I entered with the booty for Miller, Atz, garbed in a long white coat, was bent over a microscope examining some tiny cichlid from British Guiana. He waved me to a seat. Five minutes later he arose and wandered over. "What have you got here?" he asked.

"Sea sturgeon from the Hudson for George Miller in Miami," I said. "He said you would ship them to him."

Atz looked at the bag of fish on the counter. His eyes seemed to pop. "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed. Then he shouted. "Donn! Donn! Come here." Dr. Donn Rosen, the head of the department, hurried from his office across the hall. He and Atz stood in wonder at the fish in the bag. "Oh," said Atz, "they're beautiful. They're lovely." He sighed over them like a lifer let loose with Elizabeth Taylor. "They're just beautiful. Hmm, look at those tails. How lovely!" Rosen sighed in agreement. After much cooing and aahing, Atz turned toward me. "You know our sturgeon collection here is very meager," he said. I nodded stupidly. "We'd love to have these for the museum," he continued. "Of course, I'll send George some. Would you mind?" I said I would not, that I could get plenty more for George. After this, we all had a very long and pleasant conversation, which ended with my agreement to collect sturgeon and other Hudson River fishes for the museum and its new hall of fishes.

Given the abundance of sturgeon in the Hudson, I began to wonder a few years ago if there might not be more of a commercial market for Ace. I began to formulate fantasies of a corporation to be known as the Greater Verplanck Caviar Company. Ace and his fishing partner, Charlie White, were to wax rich as joint managing directors and net haulers, while I would draw a modest fee as consultant. One day I told them about my idea.

First off, Ace and Charlie would have to capture the big sea sturgeon entering the river to spawn in the late spring and early summer. To do this they would need very strong netting. This would cost approximately \$1,000, a figure that enured Ace and Charlie to look askance. At the time, they were running a leaky boat with an elderly 5-hp engine held together with string—ha, they still are! I suggested a new boat and engine would be in order. "Why not go first class?" I said. They looked askance again. "He's dreaming, Charlie," said Ace. But as I sketched out the possibilities, they hunched over the kitchen table

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in silence. There was no hard and fast figure on how many big fish they could harvest. More research was needed (and certainly the Greater Verplanck Caviar Company should back that research), but the chances were that maybe 5,000 big fish, weighing 100 pounds and upward, could be taken each year without harm to the stock. "He's still dreaming, Charlie," said Ace.

If research disclosed that only 1,000 should be taken, then only 1,000 would be taken. If 7,500 could be taken, we could work toward that figure each year. Over all, 5,000 was a nice round figure. According to the law of averages, and from what is known about sturgeon populations, about half of these 5,000 fish would be females, and the typical female would contain, to set a low figure, about 50 pounds of eggs. Twenty-five hundred females, each with 50 pounds of eggs, added up to 125,000 pounds of caviar. At the very least that caviar would fetch a minimum wholesale price of \$10 a pound. There was the chance that it would bring more, because the eggs of the sea sturgeon, unlike the eggs of the round-nosed, are not pearly black but golden-brown. To some European gourmets the golden-brown eggs are the cream of the caviar trade. Known as *osset*, this golden-brown caviar fetches as high as \$60 a pound retail.

"Now, boys," I said to Ace and Charlie, "I'm not saying our sea sturgeon will contain the *osset* caviar. But I think they will, because European sea sturgeon, *Acipenser sturio*, is probably, possibly, the same fish as *Acipenser oxyrinchus*, except that some taxonomists have noted slight differences. The eggs are quality stuff." For starters, we could still figure on the wholesale price of \$10 a pound raw. But, I went on, even at the low price of \$10 a pound, 125,000 pounds of eggs would be worth \$1,250,000. There were great laughs from across the table, as though we had just robbed a British mail train. Moreover, I continued, the flesh of both the female and male fish would be worth a minimum of 50¢ a pound, possibly far more if the Greater Verplanck Caviar Company went into smoking sturgeon. Figuring the average fish had 100 pounds of meat, that meant the flesh would bring \$250,000. In sum, the value of the total catch, eggs and meat, would amount to \$1.5 million for three months of work. Silence. An exchange of glances around the table.

Financing was in order. A few persons with whom I discussed the prospects of the Greater Verplanck Caviar Company were immediately enthusiastic, but they had even less business judgment than I. By chance, I happened to run into a Time Inc. colleague, Seymour Freedgood of *Fortune*, who had, at least for a journalist, some business sense. With great fervor Sy at once began seeking to organize and finance the company. Ever the backer of improbable causes, he was so smitten with the prospects that



he drove up to Verplanck with an immense sense that he had bought from a commercial fisherman on Long Island.

The seine was worthless for what we

had in mind, but Ace and Charlie expressed their thanks, while Sy went back to sounding out moguls on Wall Street. Sy and I had lunch with General Beyer, who was very interested in buying what the company caught. For one thing, the general liked the sturgeon I had brought him from Ace; as a matter of fact, he had even served some smoked to amazed friends at "21." Secondly, the general had liked the caviar from the round-nosed sturgeon, and although this fish was not present in enough numbers in the Hudson to support a sustained commercial yield, the possibilities of *osset* caviar from the big sea sturgeon were most intriguing. Thirdly, the general had his difficulties in dealing with the Russians, and the Russians, moreover, were having difficulties of their own. The Caspian Sea, the major source of the Russian sturgeon fishery, is badly polluted, so badly polluted that in the 1930s Soviet biologists had to stock a marine worm, *Nereis diversicolor*, from the Sea of Azov in order to provide food for the sturgeon in the Caspian. Furthermore—and this will strike an ironic response in the Hudson Valley—the Volga spawning grounds are threatened by hydroelectric projects, and marshlands on the Caspian are being "reclaimed" for agriculture.

Unfortunately for the Greater Verplanck Caviar Company and for all those who knew him, Sy Freedgood died. Plans for the company have been put aside for the nonce. Nonetheless, General Beyer is still very much interested in the Hudson sturgeon and their eggs, and Ace and Charlie are talking about weaving a net to hold the big ones. In fact, not long ago they went for a walk along the beach at the Point looking for an old black tug hawser. Ace found one, and he is now taking the hawser apart strand by strand to weave into a gigantic net. "I could finish it in a month," Ace says. "This black stuff is as strong as hell."

Whatever happens, Ace will go on fishing the river. Recently he realized one of his dreams. He hunted up the owner of the old Excelsior Pool Room and bought it to use as a home. Now he is painting the place over and putting in new windowpanes. The old poolroom is right on the riverbank, and any debris that floats close to shore is swept into a little cove by the house where Ace keeps his boat. The pickings can be good, especially after abnormally high tides. Within the space of a week Ace picked up an old rowboat, a ladder, a chair and a 20-by-10-foot wooden pier that he plans to nail into place. In the years to come he doubtless will be able to furnish the old place from the flotsam that floats by. The Hudson seems to have a way of taking care of her own.

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first-class hotels, including the Hilton
in London. Airfare included
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TIME WELL SPENT

Sirs,

To those who feel that God is dead, may I submit for their consideration that He is truly alive and well? He merely took a leave of absence and has been spending His time in the home-team locker room at Shea Stadium.

JAY PRYDO

Burlington, N.J.

Sirs,

Every Oriole met his Met.
Every Baltimore Colt his Jet.
Every Bullet missed his Kick,
Every Baltimore fan is sick.
But cheer up, citizens of Baltimore, at least you got a piece of the playoff action.

JOHN BROW

Chicago

CRETAN IMAGE

Sirs:

This is in regard to your article on Doane College (*A Small School, But You Can Learn to Hate It*, Oct. 13). Skip Myslowski came to Crete to write an article on the Tigers' undisciplined football team. Of the two pages, one page is devoted to misrepresenting Crete. Part of what he says is true, but the rest of it, and how he says it, is inaccurate and unfair. First of all the only females who wear their skirts anywhere close to their knees are over 50 years of age.

Mr. Myslowski failed to note that the train that ran through the dry cleaner's killed the owners in one of the nation's biggest catastrophes. The train carrying anhydrous ammonia derailed, killing nine people and putting many others in the hospital. A train running through a dry cleaner's may sound funny, but a great many people, especially relatives, couldn't find a thing to laugh at.

Is there something wrong with a town that doesn't have motels, drug or parking meters? Must the whole world be a complete mess? People all over the world complain about today's teen-agers and how bad they are, so now we are told that it is ridiculous to be decent, neat, clean and have short hair.

JACKIE SLEPICKA

Crete, Neb.

Sirs,

You stated, very mockingly, that Doane College was nothing more than the clean-shaven and the short-cut, the sons and daughters of the Midwest. May I remind you that the greater share of the Midwest is this way, and most of the people who live here are proud of it. We don't believe it is necessary to have a beard or long, shaggy hair to be a true human

being. As a matter of fact, I dare say that the majority of people who have made their mark in the world are not sloppy, long-haired huns, but basically clean-cut, normal human beings.

I believe it is necessary to bring to your attention the fact that the Midwest is not as far behind the times as you would like to make the remainder of the country believe.

STEVE GRAY

Gordon, Neb.

Sirs:

Describing Crete the way you did was unique, and I thank you for the recognition of Doane College.

WILLIAM P. COLWICK

Crete, Neb.

SIGHT AND SOUND

Sirs,

Wilfred Sheed's observations on the mediocrity of television baseball announcers really hit the target (*TV Talk*, Oct. 20). Isn't there anyone around who can intelligently handle a game? The professional commentators sound like used-car salesmen trying to sell an Edsel to Farmer Brown. The former players who are trying to hack it as announcers almost all have dull, flat voices, and they never seem to improve.

Probably the most competent announcer (radio or TV) to ever call a game was Mike Frankovich, the head of Frankovich Productions in Hollywood. Thirty years ago Frankovich described all the home games of the Los Angeles Angels and Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League over radio station KFAC in Los Angeles.

Southern California baseball fans who are purists will fondly recall his articulate, highly descriptive "word pictures," as he called them. Frankovich knew the players, the umpires, the rules, to say nothing of inside baseball—and he knew how to skillfully put everything together in the manner of a craftsman.

Compared to Frankovich, the metaphorical manglers the networks feed upon as today sound like rank amateurs. Unfortunately, they are paid professional rates.

PAUL R. MARSON

San Diego

Sirs:

I was glad to see a criticism of the World Series announcers for NBC television. As for myself, I turned off the sound of my TV and watched the last four games in silence.

What ever happened to Dury Dean?

BOB JEWETT

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs,

A loud amen to Wilfred Sheed's *TV Talk*. It was just one column long, but it should have been printed in capital letters and taken a whole page. These copies should have been sent to all sportscasters.

I am a devoted baseball fan and listen to all televised games. I am so sick of the announcers' talk, talk, talk. Why don't they just call the game and then shut up?

MRS. JACK E. BUTLER

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

That *SI* carefully dissects TV sportscasting while TV does not criticize the press is an unfortunate paradox of our free-press system. May Wilfred Sheed be reminded that while a sportswriter has the help of retrospect and his eraser, the sportscaster is not afforded these luxuries. He must think spontaneously and accurately for two to three hours in front of millions, and therefore some things get said that shouldn't.

LIN BORMAN

Syracuse, N.Y.

CROP OYSTERS

Sirs:

For a sportswriter, Robert H. Boyle has a terribly short memory if he thinks the 1969 crop of pro football rookies is the best (*The Year of the Rookies*, Oct. 20). Has he forgotten 1952 and rookies like Hugh McElhenny, Frank Gifford, Dile Matson, Geno Maretti, Bobby Dillon, Billy Howton, Babe Parilli, Ben Rechichar, Ray Raulo, Pat Summerall, Duane Putnam, Ed Madzlewski, Dick (Night Train) Lane, Dave (Hawg) Hanner, Volney (Skeet) Quisenberry, Howard Ferguson, Bill McColl and Jim Dooley?

STEVE HARRIS

Willon, Conn.

Sirs:

The *Year of the Rookies* was a fine idea and interesting pictorially, even though you perpetuated the tiring overexposure of O. J. Simpson. But you really blew it when you neglected to mention Larry Smith. The names of rookies who have made a George Allen team since 1966 could be written on Tiny Tim's thumbnail. If you were to ask All-Pro Dick Bass and Tommy Mason why they are permitted so much time to relax on the sidelines this year, they would answer with two words: Larry Smith.

The bread-and-butter back of the Rams this season has consistently been this 21-year-old from Florida, and the Rams could be a superstar in 1969. However, in this day of the Broadway Joe attitude among athletes, it is no wonder that Smith, whose teammates have nicknamed him Silent Larry,

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

has received so little publicity as SI. His is a quiet performance on the field.

CYRIL A. JACKSON

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article was interesting, although to me it seemed incomplete. How was it possible to omit professional football's future 60-minute player, Leroy Keyes of the Philadelphia Eagles?

JOHN WHITESIDE

Cheltenham, Pa.

MR. HOCKEY

Sirs:

Congratulations are in order for your article on Gordie Howe, who has been, is now and always will be the greatest NHL player (Stadium: Aren't for Sleepers, Oct. 20). He is the Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb of hockey. When at a Detroit Red Wing home game Alex Delvecchio was being honored for reaching the 1,000-point level, no mention at all was made that Gordie Howe is about to reach the 1,000-point level. This puts Howe almost 700 points ahead of Delvecchio. And Bobby Hull couldn't come near Howe even if he had five 50-goal seasons. Gordie Howe is the king, and the young "superstars" respect him as Mr. Hockey.

GARY PARKER

Harper Woods, Mich.

Sirs:

Every sport has had a number of superstars. However, no man has ever dominated a sport for so long and with such brilliance as Gordie Howe. I would like to nominate Howe for more than Sportsman of the Year; he deserves the honor of Sportsman of the Century.

MICHAEL SCHROEDER

Plymouth, Mich.

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year, or should I say Sportsman, are the amazing New York Mets. Now all us Charlie Browns have a chance.

CLARITA DE LA GARZA

Elgin, Ill.

Sirs:

I am proud to nominate for Sportsman of the Year Tom Seaver. And Cleon Jones, Jim Turner, Willy Reed, Matt Snell, Aggie, DelBusschere, Swoboda...

Not to mention, of course, Super Broadway Joe Willie Namath. And Koos, Maynard...

Too bad Baltimore doesn't have an NHL team.

DAVID A. HARMIN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

My nomination is Gil Hodges. He earned it by leading a ninth-place team to the world championship.

STEVE FRYE

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

For Sportsman of the Year, the most consistent performer in victory or defeat, with a broken nose or gimp leg; the inspiration that vaulted the Los Angeles Lakers to a near miss—Jerry West.

ROBERT L. PROCHASKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

Sirs:

Is there any question? Joe Namath!

STUART H. HARRIS

Fairlawn, N.J.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Ernie Banks. Even while the Cubs were beginning to slump, he kept his faith, along with his humor, and fought until the end.

TERRY RUSSELL

Springfield, Ohio

HEADSTRONG HOCKEY

Sirs:

I was pleased to see SI take a stand against the deliberate and excessive violence encouraged and condoned in professional hockey (Sports Illustrated, Oct. 13). Certainly the recent injury to Ted Green was senseless and absurd under the circumstances.

But the sport by its nature is violent, and the death of a Minnesota player two years ago and Green's own account of a previous fight point up the necessity of requiring that appropriate helmets be worn by all players. The argument frequently given that it will ruin the fan's image of hockey as a virile sport is nonsense in the light of the fact that pro football players are padded from head to foot with no loss of respect.

As in the cases of pep pills in athletics and the grizzly-bear problem, I think it is SI's duty to crusade for mandatory use of helmets by all professional hockey players—now, before more serious head injuries occur.

MARTIN POISSER

La Jolla, Calif.

CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

Sirs:

Ted Lewis M. Joseph of Jacksonville (19th Hole, Oct. 20) that he is all wet. The saying really went, "Spain and Sam and two days of rain."

JOHN MORSE

Peabody, Mass.

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